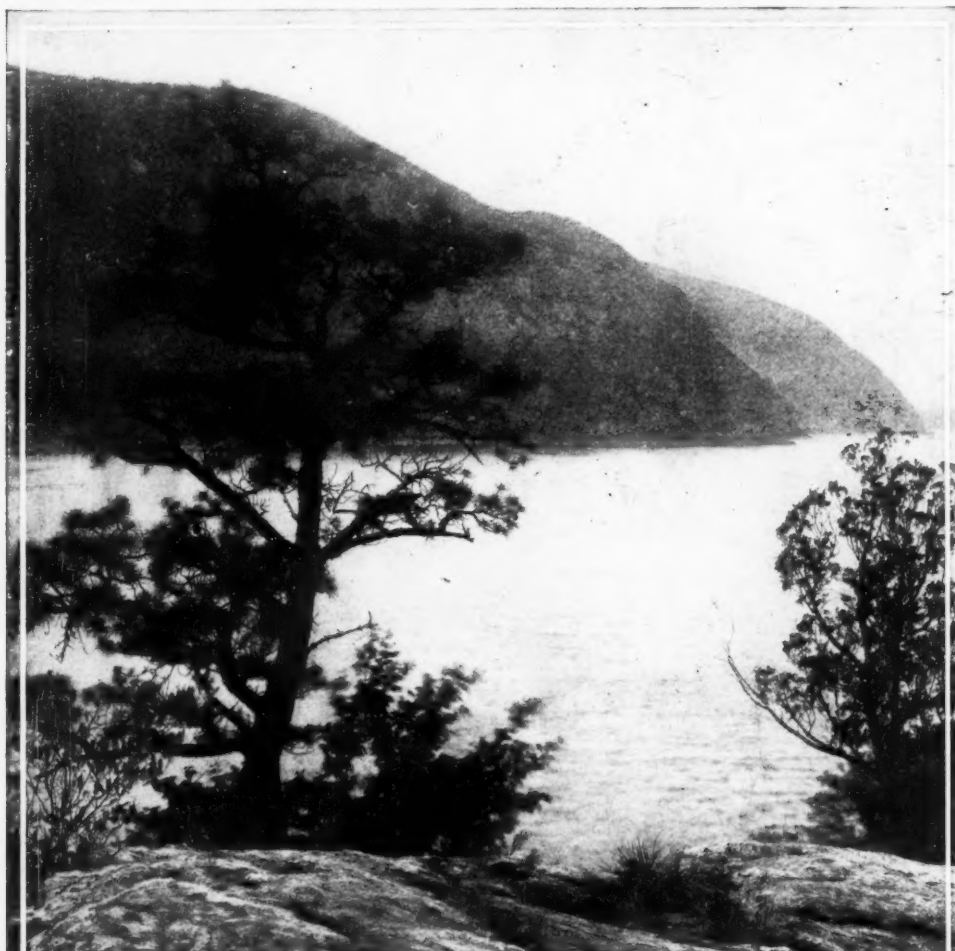


CITY OF DETROIT



HOW THE RUMOR STARTED



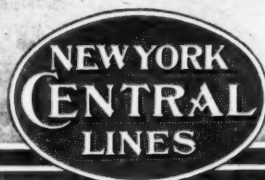
THE HUDSON RIVER

Have you heard the call of the Hudson?

It is the voice of beauty, history and legend addressed in persuasive tones to all our people everywhere.

To see and enjoy this world-famous river for 140 miles, travel via the New York Central Lines, the only railroad along its shores.

For booklet containing
30 beautiful views of
the Hudson, address



Travel Bureau, Room
2520, Grand Central
Terminal, New York.

Our National Altruism

MR. JAMES FARRELL, President of the United States Steel Corporation, declared recently that his establishment had "furnished the steel for every steel structure that has been built in Buenos Ayres" within the last eight years and not only that, but had done it "in competition with German, English and French competitors."

It doesn't follow from this that we could with perfect safety lower the tariff on steel and admit German, English and French competitors over here. Not at all. Only by paying monopoly prices ourselves can our spirit roam the world, take orders for our industrial surplus and be a genera' merchandising somepumpkins.

Who shall say, after such concrete proof, that tariff protection has not been exceedingly beneficial to—well, to Buenos Ayres and the Steel Trust?



"IN HOC SIGNO VINCES"

Always Be Polite

DOES politeness always pay?

There are some misguided and primitive people who claim that it doesn't, but we are glad to say that we do not belong to this class. In fact, we believe that it can be proved in every case that politeness always pays—in some way or other.

For instance, not long ago over in New Jersey, seven girls who had been mixed up in the strike in Paterson were arraigned before Recorder J. E. Carroll of that turbulent city. The charge against these girls was obstructing and interfering with those who wished to work. This is a wicked thing to do, especially on the part of any young girl, and, therefore, the recorder presented each of them with a sentence for ten days in prison. With one exception; one young lady was more polite than the others. She felt it incumbent upon herself to show her gratitude and so when the Recorder sentenced her to ten days she replied: "Thank you, Your Honor." Thereupon the recorder said: "You are welcome. Sixty days."

This goes to show that you should always be polite, especially when you are talking to Recorder Carroll, of Paterson, New Jersey, U. S. A. To treat him with silence and contempt means only an ordinary sentence of ten days in jail.

Does politeness pay? We guess yes!

AD VERTYSEN: We want a man who knows both how to keep his mouth closed and how to stave off the curious.

APPLICANT: I think I would suit you. I used to be clerk in an information bureau.—*Punch.*

• V-ALL-NO • AFTER DINNER MINT



A delicious
creamy candy
with a flavor
all its own.

Sold in tin
boxes only
—never
in bulk.



Win 'ches-ter ri'fle, or
Win 'ches-ter n. (win 'ches-
ter). [After Oliver F. Winchester
(1810-80), Amer. manufacturer.] A
breech-loading rifle with a tubular
magazine under the barrel holding five
or more cartridges. * * * It * * * was in-
troduced about 1866, and is in world-wide use,
especially as a sporting arm. (Webster's New Inter-
national Dictionary.)

WEBSTER'S SAYS

WINCHESTER

REPEATING RIFLES ARE "IN WORLD-WIDE USE"

Webster's statement is authentic. It could have gone further and said that Winchester rifles are "in world-wide use," because they have been found by sportsmen everywhere to be practical in design, strong in construction, dependable in operation, accurate in shooting, handsome in finish, and moderate in price. Another reason that Winchester rifles are "in world-wide use" is because they are made in all desirable calibers from .22 to .50 and in styles to suit every purpose, every pocketbook and every taste.

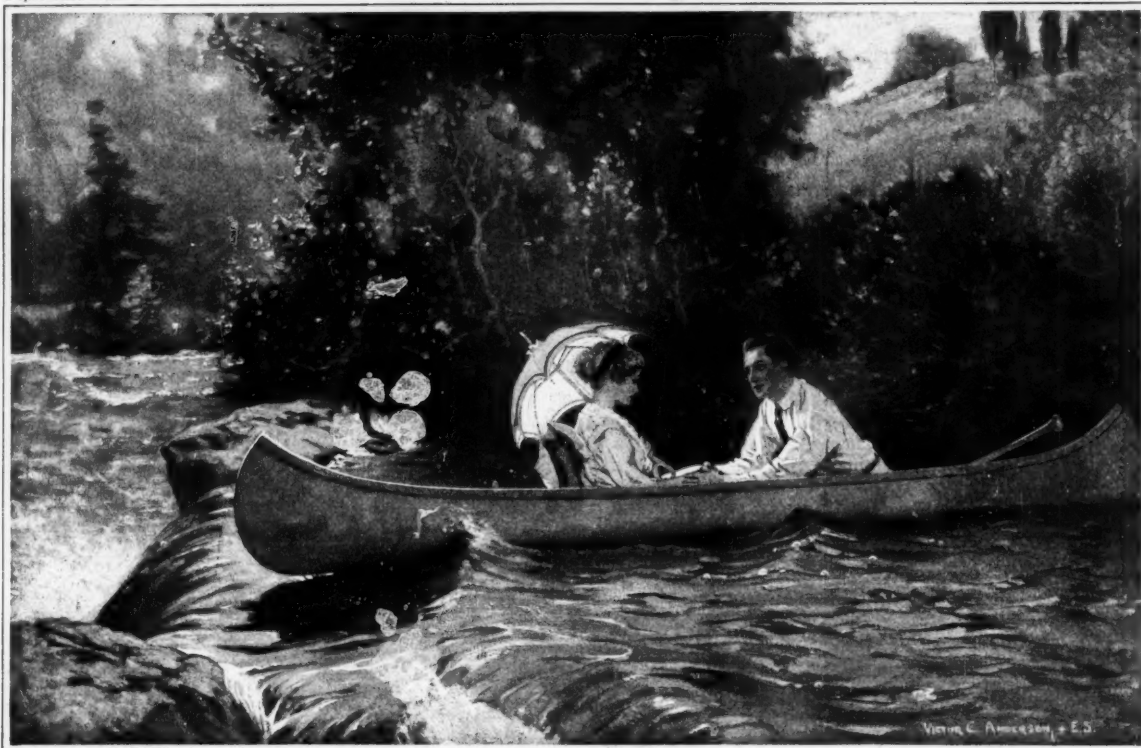
WINCHESTER REPEATING SHOTGUNS are also "in world-wide use" and, on account of their shooting and wearing qualities, and low cost, they are fast supplanting double guns for all kinds of shooting. They are made in 10, 12, 16 and 20 gauges.

WINCHESTER CARTRIDGES are also "in world-wide use." They are loaded with smokeless and black powders. In Winchester and all other rifles, and in revolvers they can always be depended upon to give shooting satisfaction.

WINCHESTER LOADED SHELLS for shotguns are also "in world-wide use." They are loaded in all gauges with smokeless and black powders. For field, fowl or trap shooting in any make of gun they give the best results.

Dealers Everywhere Recommend And Sell The **W** Brand

Copr. Life Pub. Co.



What Happened?

"It can never be."

He had taken her out in his canoe on the hot summer afternoon in which this story opens. For many months all his thoughts had been for her, and, leaving the busy city, his mind had been so occupied with the desire to meet her that he had forgotten the rush and heat of the journey.

On his arrival at the hotel, she had greeted him with the same sweetness as of yore, and yet there seemed to be a reserve in her manner which he could not understand. Now, however, that they were alone in the canoe he had leaned forward and said:

"My darling, I can't live without you. Everything in our lives cries out that we should be united," and then, before he had time to say more, she had swiftly replied with the sentence which opens this story.

Unrebuffed, he took her hand in his.

"It can never be?" he repeated. "Then there is a fatal something between us—a barrier?"

"Yes," she replied, "a fatal barrier. I am sorry. I might have loved you under other conditions, but I feel sure, knowing your past and knowing the past of your family, that we could never be happy together. Your secret, however, shall be safe with me. I will never divulge the truth."

"What is the secret?" he exclaimed passionately.

She looked at him coldly.

"It would be impossible for me," she muttered, "to ally myself with any young man whose family have never been regular subscribers to LIFE. I—"

(The continuation of this absorbing story will be found in the next issue of LIFE, containing a wonderful symposium of ripping revelry, multifarious masterpieces of mirth, and deep truths casually concocted for contemporaneous contemplation.)

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate. This order must come to us direct; not through an agent or dealer.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York 17

ONE YEAR \$5.00. (CANADIAN \$5.52, FOREIGN \$6.04.)

Miniature Life, Number Two—Just Out

Some Vacation Phrases

THE quick or the dead—Running for the village doctor.

The aeronaut's ambition realized in the hotel dining room—Plenty of flies.

Making love to a circle of girls—An engagement ring.

Sticketh closer than a brother—Pack of cards supplied by the hotel clerk.

"Going up"—Your weekly bill.

The acid test—Getting back your laundry.

"Ripping"—Your last year's bathing suit.

The midnight bus—On the back piazza with your best girl.

Unsettled—The morning coffee.

A 'holy show—The rowboat you have hired for the season.

Imprisoned for life—The table salt.

After many years—The Sunday dinner chicken.

Unconstitutional—Your bed.

A close corporation—Sitting next to a fat woman on the annual straw ride.

Blue devils—Microbes in the milk.

A pressing affair—Sleeping under blankets.

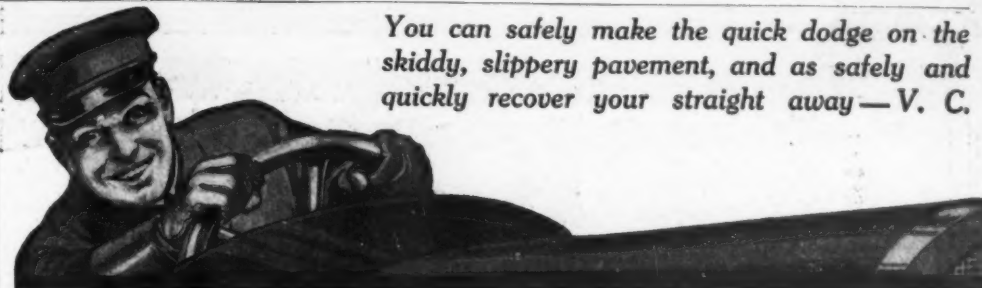
Zero—Your bank account after your wife has drawn upon you at sight.

A castle in the air—"Home Sweet Home."



"JOHNNY! YOU WERE AT THE BALL GAME YESTERDAY!"

"YES'M! BUT I'VE BEEN PUNISHED ENOUGH. OUR TEAM LOST."



You can safely make the quick dodge on the skiddy, slippery pavement, and as safely and quickly recover your straight away—V. C.

THE good driver is the instinctive driver. In emergency his hands and feet act first—his thought after. The skiddy pavement—which in emergencies so often defeats the very best of driving, is made as trustworthy as a dry, hard road by

PENNSYLVANIA Oilproof VACUUM CUP TIRES

The positive anti-skid action first puzzles and amazes the skeptical driver—then unfailingly enlists him among the tens of thousands of Vacuum Cup enthusiasts.

Many drivers are even more impressed with the absolutely Oilproof quality—they like the sensation of calmly driving down the middle of the freshly oiled road.

There's real substance behind the definite, printed guarantee of 4,000 miles. In average service Vacuum Cup Tires run far ahead in actual miles.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY, JEANNETTE, PA.
Pittsburgh, 505 Liberty Avenue
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Chicago, 1004 Michigan Avenue
Minneapolis, 34 South 8th Street
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An Independent Company with an independent selling policy



PLOTS WANTED FOR PLAYS

Motion Picture
You can write them. Manufacturers now paying \$25 to \$100 for each plot. We teach you how to write and sell them. No previous experience necessary. Write now for free details.
ASSOCIATED MOTION PICTURE SCHOOLS, 674D Sheridan Road, Chicago

HUNTER WHISKEY

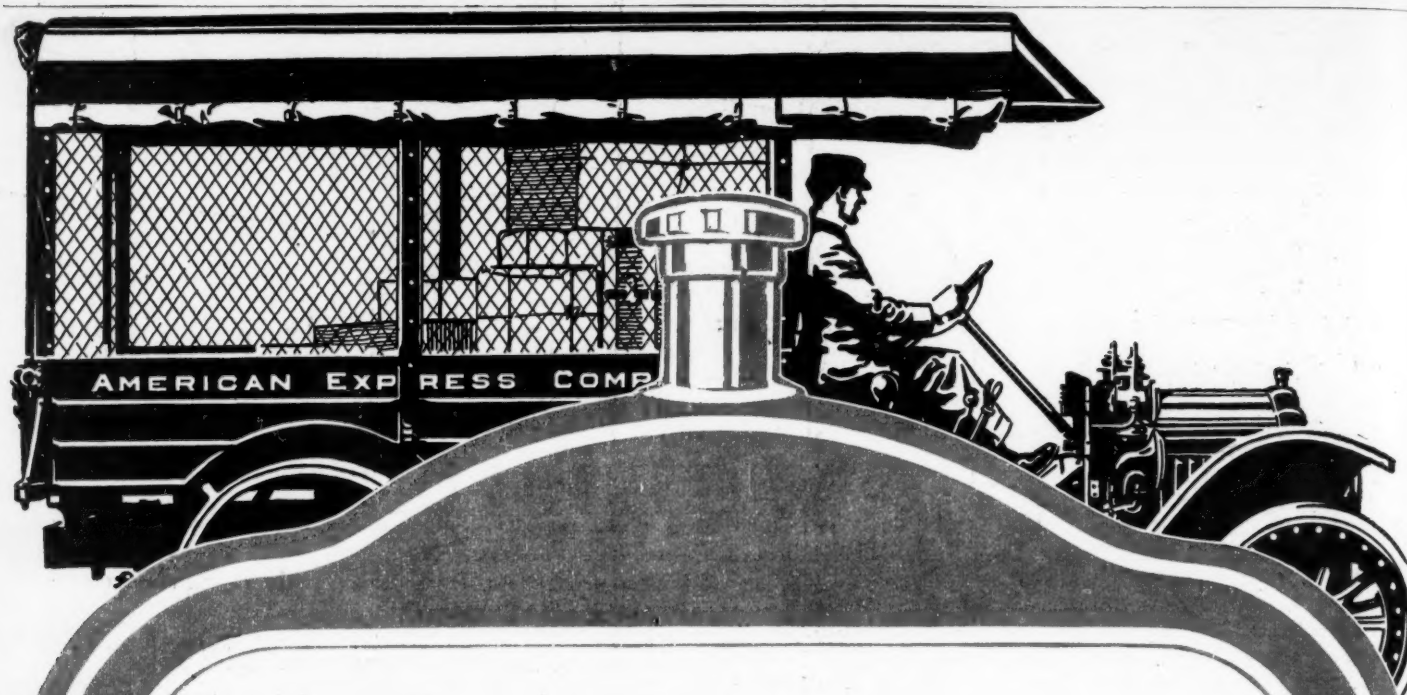
RIPENED
BY MATURITY, IN
ABSOLUTE PURITY

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



Those Millionaires

Americans are wont to speak of the burdens the Civil war threw on the country and of the losses it entailed, but among the losses it has not been usual to reckon that of the simple and natural life of a people content to live as their fathers had lived, and to develop their country by living and working on the land, as their fathers had done. It has not occurred to them that the greatest burden of all left by the war was the creation of a millionaire class, and the consequent introduction of new and debased ideals of well-being, and the thousand evils, social, political, and national, that have sprung from it.—H. H. Lusk, in "Social Welfare in New Zealand." Sturgis & Walton Company.



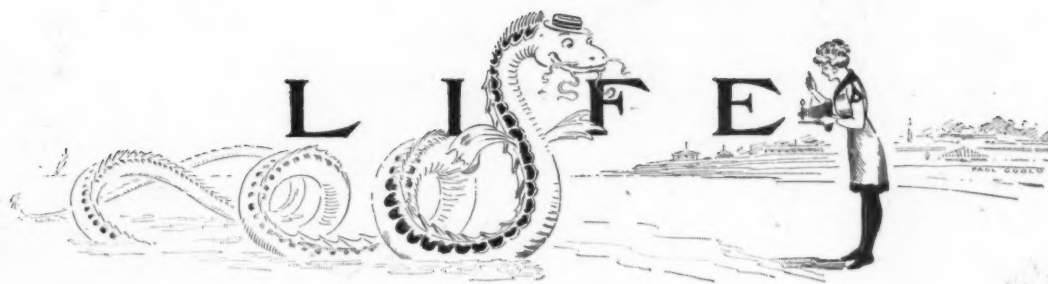
Prompt Business Requires White Trucks

POSITIVE service at all hours, in all seasons, long hauls or short, heavy loads or light deliveries—it is a White Truck that is best fulfilling these requirements, somewhere for some owner.

Where sentiment does not count, facts show that White Trucks run farthest and cost least to operate, whether per package or per ton. Your business promises will not suffer where White Trucks do your hauling and the efficiency of your service will be marked.

THE WHITE  COMPANY
CLEVELAND

Manufacturers of Gasoline Motor Cars, Trucks and Taxicabs



Horace Norris, Commuter

THE Stork arrived at Station View
 Upon the 7:42
 And called on Mrs. Norris.
 Month later on the 9:14
 They sought the kirk at Ferncliffe
 Green
 And named the infant Horace.

Each morning on the 7:10
 Child Horace went to school—and
 when
 He'd passed youth's season silly,
 The 8:16 he nightly took
 At 9:06 reaching Holly Brook
 Where dwelt his lovely Lily.

One day at 12:00 the pair were wed,
 At 2:02 went away, 'tis said,
 Returning somewhat later
 Upon the 3:19. They got
 At Honey Brook a house and lot
 And dwelt near Lily's mater.

At 5:11 baby came,
 Annabelle Esther was her name.
 To bless that pair well mated.
 As Horace told his wife, "I guess
 She came to us by Love's Express.*"

Thenceforth did Horace and his wife
 Lead the time-tabulated life
 "Commuter's hours" yclept-ed.
 By 6:15 to work away,
 By 7:09 to rest and play.†

*Through trains as indicated.

†Saturday trains excepted.

Wallace Irwin.

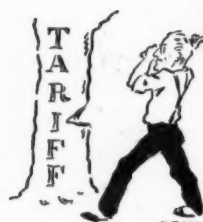


THE SCAPEGOAT



THE SYMPATHETIC PEDESTRIAN

Editors, Attention!



IT is important that you exercise exceeding great care in discussing the proposed tariff changes. This is particularly applicable to the stand-pat type of newspapers. You must show, first, that any tariff-tinkering, and especially any tariff-lowering, will result disastrously to the business situation. On the other hand, however, you must show that this country is so prosperous and so fundamentally unupsettable that, no matter what happens, business will not be seriously injured nor the even keel of the ship of prosperity thrown out of plumb.

We admit it is no easy job thus to steer a course between the Scylla of pessimism and the Charybdis of optimism, but it must be done. A careful study of the current interviews of prominent magnates will be helpful in this dilemma.

POPULARITY isn't worth the things we have to do in order to attain it.



THE "MINIMUM" LIFE PRESERVER, DESIGNED FOR WORKING GIRLS

MISTRESS: Would you like to come on trial for a week?

PROSPECTIVE COOK: Sure, Oi can tell whether Oi will loike yez in twenty-four hours.



SPORTS OF THE AMERICAN GIRL
FLYING DOLLARS

Microbes

A MICROBE is an imaginary being invented by doctors to scare people out of dying a natural death.

Microbes have taken the place of the evil spirits in vogue before the period when people grew so intelligent that they wouldn't believe anything they didn't hear.

Microbes come in assorted packages, and spend their entire time in multi-

plying, adding, subtracting and dividing. They multiply serums, add to the fears, subtract you from your money, and divide all the profit among, the doctors.

Just as everything was once represented by a deity, so everything is now represented by a microbe. Some men are born with microbes, some achieve microbes, but all at some time have microbes thrust upon them.

Proper Celebration

VISITOR: What have you there, Elsie?

ELSIE (proudly): That's a bomb we made, and we're going to blow up the nursery.

"Oh! Oh! What for?"

"Perhaps you don't know that the new baby is a boy."

PROGRESS is only a new combination of atoms.

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1912, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-six years. In that time it has expended \$139,304.44 and has given a fortnight in the country to 34,748 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged	\$2,867.36
Jack and Tom.....	10.00
Mrs. H. B. H.....	25.00
Mrs. H. M. Barksdale.....	5.00
"From Miss L. C.".....	5.00
C. W. Van Law.....	59.00
Mrs. William Alexander Lieber....	5.70
James A. Swan.....	10.00
Mrs. R. C. Corner.....	10.00
Mrs. Jonathan Bulkley.....	50.00
Walter Blackman	12.00
Joseph H. Barnes.....	25.00
J. G.	5.90
P. F.	10.00
G. P.	10.00
Theo. M. Plummer.....	100.00
Robert N. Ingersoll.....	10.00
Mrs. L. H. Nelson.....	11.80
"Hawaii"	25.00
Clarence C. Buel.....	5.00
Dorothy L. Hill.....	15.00
Mrs. A. M. Crane, Jr.....	5.00
James L. Thomson.....	25.00
George Moore Smith.....	10.00
"Sister" and Perry Cavarly.....	6.00

\$3,322.76

The Modern Lover

HER FATHER (*sternly*): Young man, can you support my daughter in the style she's been accustomed to?

LOVER (*briskly*): I can, but I'd be ashamed to.



AT THE ZOO

"GEE WHIZ! MA, LOOK AT THE GREAT BIG COW WITH ITS HORNS IN ITS MOUTH, EATING HAY WITH ITS TAIL."



"Every joy has its sorrow,
Every happiness its sting."

An Absolute Necessity

ONE of the papers the other day advertised the fact that a battleship built in a private navy yard costs from half a million to two million dollars less than when the same vessel is built by the Government.

Is this necessarily an argument in favor of having battleships built by private enterprise? By no means! If we should go on the principle that everything built for the use of the

whole people is to be done as cheaply as possible, where would we get off? At the very start we should have to cut down to a minimum the politicians who are running the country. All of the departments would shrink. Consider what this would mean to our newspapers! They would not have a fraction of as much as they have now to talk about.

To be extravagant in running our government is one of the blessings inevitable to a liberty-loving people.



DREAMS OF A TIMID MAN

Et tu, Brute!

OUR Trusty Friend, the New York *Evening Post*, extends the glad hand to whomsoever has a brick to throw at LIFE. The injury may be small, but the spirit pains us.

Why this venom?

Our Trusty Friend is not generally regarded as a dispenser of sunshine, and we realize that a world of *Evening Posts* would be no place for more blithesome sinners with a sense of humor. Yet we mourn his loss.

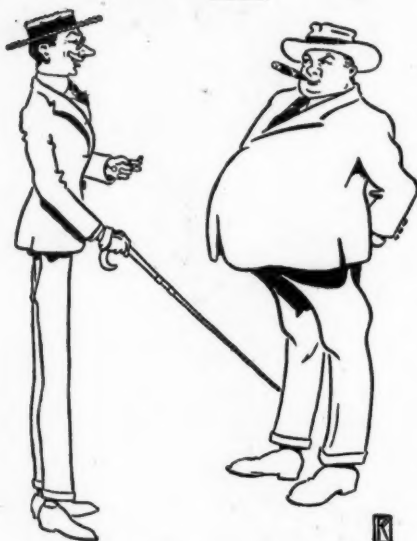
And is the Rev. F. A. Kahler, of Buffalo, absolutely sure that it is LIFE who needs a broader vision?

Supremacy

The country editor is a publicity agent of the greatest importance.

—*Kansas City Times*.

THE country editor is more than that. He is the conservator of morals, the dictator of style in obituaries, the arbiter of births and the guardian of human nature. He alone publishes the real news of the world. Kingdoms fall and races succeed each other, but the country editor is the only one who chronicles the eternal occupations of humanity.



OUR MODERN CLOTHES

"THAT COAT LOOKS AS IF IT WAS CUT BY A CORSET MAKER."

"WELL, IT'S BETTER THAN HAVING IT CUT BY A BALLOON MAKER."



Blackhander: } MADAM, WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO YOU!
Nihilist: }

Sanctum Talks

With a Chinese Kid

(By Proxy)

"SO, LIFE?"

"Ah! Yuan Shi Kai! Welcome to our city. I kiss your feet, oh President of the toddling Chinese Republic. What will you have?"

"Give me one of those Manhattan-Martini-Sloe-Gin-Pousse-Café-Turkey-Trot Highballs, and we will get down to business. First—thanks."

"For what, Yuan Shi Kai?"

"For recognizing me financially."

"You mean for *not* recognizing you financially."

"Well, I don't know what you call it, LIFE, but at any rate you did me a mighty good turn. Some of those highway robbers over in London and Paris had me down and were just going through my pockets when your president came along."

"Oh yes; I believe I do remember—saved your life, didn't he?"

"Not quite. He saved my credit and my pocket-book. Now I have come in here, LIFE, to ask you for a quiet piece of advice."

"Good! That is my business. I

can tell you just what to do under any circumstances."

"What I want to know, LIFE, is how I can borrow money from the Powers of Europe without having to pay the principal back in interest and the interest back in principal."

"Only one way, my dear Yuan Shi Kai."

"And that?"

"First, spend about twenty-five years in acquiring an army. Equip your army with up-to-date rifles and teach them how to shoot straight. When your army is in readiness, join the rest of the gang and you will be able to get your money at market rates."

"But until then, LIFE?"

"Until then, Yuan Shi Kai, keep on drinking these highballs and forget yourself. It makes the time pass so much quicker. So long."

"So long, LIFE."

Creators

"WHAT has vaunted Science done for nervous diseases?"

"Good heavens, man! It discovered them."



"NONE SO BLIND AS—"

Foreigners Wanted

WANTED—Foreigners. To do all kinds of work, in factories, mines, everywhere. Must be strong, active, industrious, humble, cringing and submissive. Must have intelligence enough to perform skilfully any work that is assigned, but not enough to become dissatisfied with any working or living conditions that may be meted out to them. Above all must never know enough to join unions, go on strike or otherwise seek to improve their lot. Must always have the highest respect for our sense of equal and exact justice, and must guarantee never to develop any disrespect for our police or to believe that they are anything but merciful, just and graft-proof. Answer at once. In addition to the lowest possible wage, this is an unprecedented opportunity to participate in the development of the greatest country ever elaborated. Address Americans, Everywhere.

THERE might be an antiseptic invented against the kiss—but not against the girl.



THE MODEL HUSBAND

Why the Holy Smokus Failed

(The Tragedy of a Summer Hotel.)

THE Holy Smokus Hotel is exclusive, and not designed for the entertainment of the ordinary tripper. It is, of course, situated at Holy Smokus by the Sea.

Its register reads like a page from the Blue Book; the *chef* is a regular ripper.

The rest of the servants are English and they serve toasted crumpets for tea.

You wire ahead for your rooms and they meet you with a car at the station. Your boxes and other luggage are looked after by a superior sort of man.

The air is so pure that it gives you a feeling of intense exhilaration.

And an appetite that causes you the silver-framed menu card with extreme solicitation to scan.

All the food is from a model farm in the immediate vicinity.

The water from a model spring; the eggs from model hens; the butter and milk produced by well groomed and cultivated cows.

The *maitre d'hôtel* wears whiskers and has the manner of a transiently,

earth-visiting divinity. Bows from the waist at a strict right angle and smiles faintly as your untitled position allows.

Yet this beautiful place is a failure now in its second disastrous season.

While a mile down the shore there is a ramshackle unpainted pavilion where they open the clams while you wait.

And the smart crowds stand in a long patient line without either rhyme or reason.

And accumulate germs, pink ptomaines and microbes, paying for them at a quite exorbitant rate.

Why is it, I asked one of the blooming Britons at the exquisite Holy Smokus.

What is the drag that pulls these charming men and women from this truly delightful place.

To a broken down barn where all together at one table they poke us.

And serve the food in a manner that fairly hits one in the face.

It is this way, Madame, he said; your American men have such a pronounced aversion to departing from

their rather primitive ideas of an interior natatorium.

They are not comfortable unless they can drape themselves over a damp counter at five o'clock in the afternoon, standing on one foot with cold, already carved scraps within easy reach, their digestions to jar.

We endeavored to introduce the foreign custom of a lounge with palms and music, and we called it the Café Arboreum.

We weren't running a pub', you know, but I give you my word we have lost our most fashionable, intelligent and distinguished patrons since it became known that we hadn't a bar!

Kate Masterson.

Social

Truth, Scandal, and Flattery went to the Uppercrust Ball. Truth was promptly ejected for being naked. Scandal was put back into a shadow, but everyone was introduced to her during the evening. Flattery, being decked in fine apparel and false jewels, was given the place of honor in the grand promenade and at table. The great social occasion was variously reported—to the uninvited by Scandal to the newspapers by Flattery, and to the Recording Angel by Truth.



Mr. Nagsby: MY DEAR, I DON'T THINK WE ARE ON THE RIGHT ROAD FOR HOME.

Mrs. Nagsby: WHO'S RUNNING THIS CAR? I GUESS I KNOW WHEN I'M ON THE RIGHT ROAD.



Mr. Nagsby: I MERELY VENTURED THE OPINION THAT WE OUGHT TO BE GOING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION, MY DEAR.

Mrs. Nagsby: WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT? THAT SIGN POST WILL CONVINCE YOU THAT I AM ON THE RIGHT ROAD.



THE EIGHT BEST SELLERS



Mr. Nagsby: EXCUSE ME, MY DEAR, YOU *are* ON THE RIGHT ROAD.

From a Philosopher's Note-Book

YOU can drive a Tramp to water but you cannot make him drink.

You never know just what you can't do until you try. Two heads are worse than one in the cold gray dawn of the morning after.

An open enemy is better than a false friend, but a closed enemy is better than either.

The reason why Truth seems stranger than Fiction is because with so many people it is less frequent.

To be born with a silver spoon in your mouth is a subtle indication that your parents had rather careless table manners.

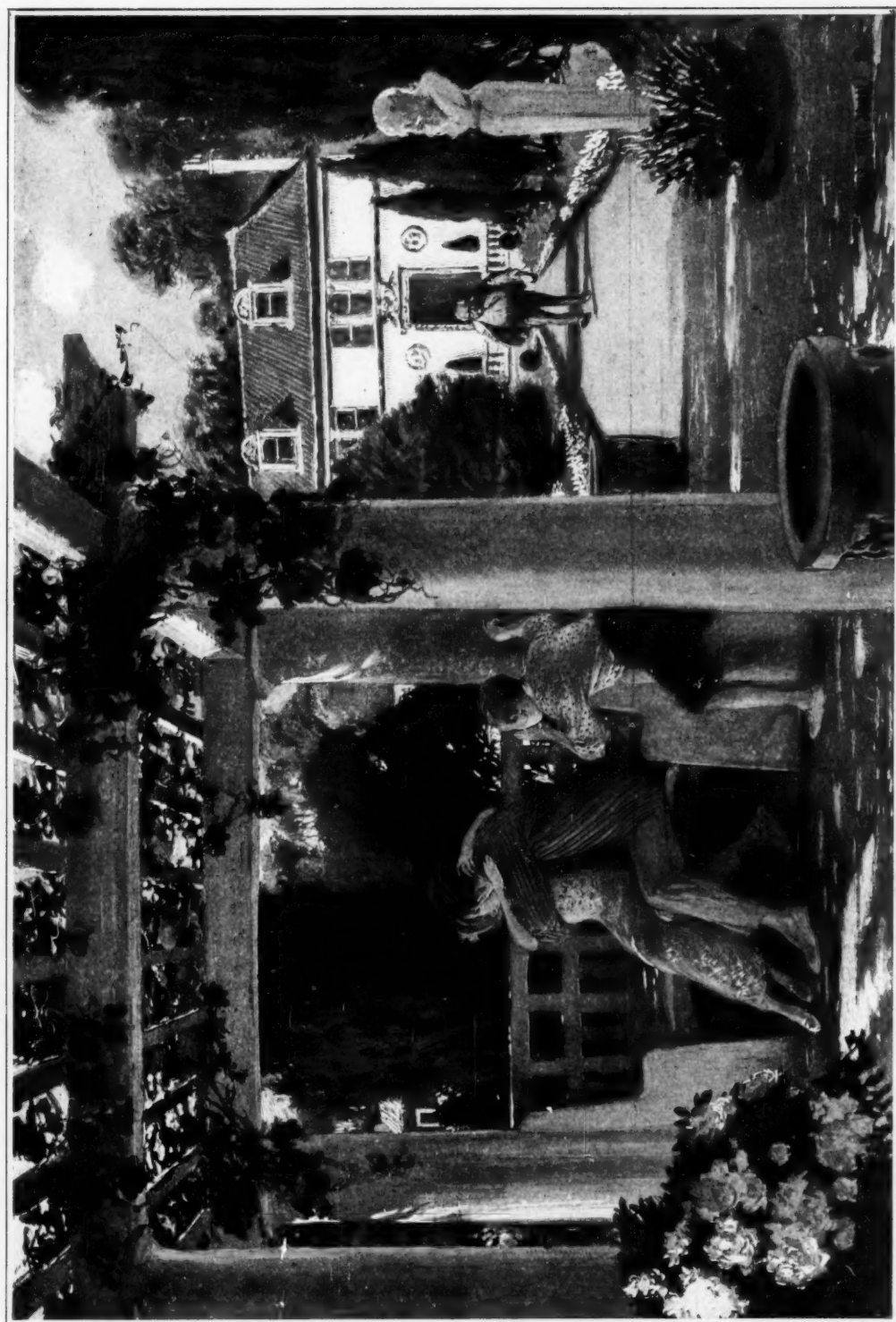
J. K. B.

Too Good-Natured

BOBBIIE: Oh, mamma! Have you seen Uncle Jake? He looks awful happy.

BOBBIE'S MOTHER (anxiously): What's the matter with him?

"I think he has been taking some of that good-natured alcohol."



A GOOD BROTHER

A Feminine Pioneer

"I WILL not be back to-day, John." Willets, having made his engagement with Miss Banler, put down the telephone and prepared to leave the office. His chief clerk, concealing his surprise, replied:

"Very well, sir; I will lock up the safe."

It was rare indeed for Willets to leave his office during the day. He had made plenty of money in his business, but, like many Americans, had provided himself with too few recreations.

The one he had arranged for at present was the brief companionship of a certain young woman he had met on a motor trip a few weeks before, passing an afternoon or two very pleasantly with her at a delightful country inn, and he had been promising himself, ever since his return to town, the pleasure of renewing her acquaintance. A rather flattering and urgent request from her to call, had subconsciously expressed itself in the act of getting her over the telephone; and she had responded quite sweetly that she would be delighted to see him; in fact, that she had hoped above all things that he had not forgotten her.

He ran up town in his car, and precisely at five o'clock presented his card.

"For Miss Banler."

The maid showed him into a cosy room furnished in admirable taste. As Willets sank back in his chair he caught sight of his face in a French mirror, and it suddenly occurred to him what a fool he was.

Why should he, with all the work he had to do, be paying an afternoon call on a girl he had met by chance at a summer inn? True, she had urged him to come. But then, was not her very urging the thing which had played upon his vanity? He thought of all the strong men he knew who had made fools of themselves over girls. It seemed altogether too frivolous. He had a quick impulse to go—to sneak off before he had involved

himself any further. Then the curtains parted, and someone stood in the doorway. It was a young woman—but not the one he expected to see.

"I beg your pardon—Mr. Willets?"

Willets rose.

"Yes."

"I'm Miss Banler's secretary. She is awfully sorry, but just after your telephone message came, she was called out on an important matter. She wants you to wait. She told me to explain, and to apologize."

Willets concealed his disappointment gracefully.

"Would you like to read something while you are waiting?" asked the secretary. "Here are all the magazines, and the latest novels."

Willets said he wasn't keen on reading. He looked into the frank, engaging eyes of his temporary companion. There was in her manner a slight suggestion of embarrassment, which added to her charm. It was as much as if she said: "I feel under obligations to entertain you, especially in view of the fact that my employer has disappointed you, yet—should I stay?"

Willets, divining the cause of her confusion, made her feel at ease.

"Perhaps I ought to go," he suggested. "Miss Banler is evidently busy, and I don't want to take up her time."

"Oh, no! she particularly said you were to wait, and that I—"

"And that you were not to leave me! That is an inducement for me to stay."

In a few moments they were in a deep argument. Without realizing it, at the end of an hour Willets found himself still in earnest conversation.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed. "I didn't know that it was so late. I must really be going."

At this moment the door opened, and Miss Banler burst in.

"Can you ever forgive me?" she exclaimed. "I'm awfully glad to see you! I was called out on the most important business. Oh, I forgot you

hadn't met. This is Miss Dale—Mr. Willets."

"We know each other fairly well," said Willets.

Miss Dale, excusing herself, left the room.

"Isn't she charming?" said Miss Banler. "Do you know, I felt terribly guilty to be so rude, but I knew you would be entertained by Miss Dale—awfully clever girl. And besides, she is so delightfully feminine, isn't she?"

"She says she is helping you in your study of social conditions."

"Yes."

"I suggested that you might like to go through one of my factories."

Miss Banler clasped her hands.

"How good of you!"

It was now late, and Willets excused himself, but the appointment was made for the following Wednesday. Miss Banler and her secretary were to be shown over the Willets factory—on the outskirts of town—and to take notes of its working conditions.

"And mind you," said Miss Banler, raising a warning finger, "don't you change anything! We must see the whole factory just as it is."

"I promise."

At eleven o'clock the following Wednesday, the Banler auto stopped in front of the factory.

Willets, waiting for them, came forward. Miss Banler looked the picture of despair.

"I'm terribly sorry I can't stay," she said, "but a very important meeting came up and I must rush back to it. But fortunately, Miss Dale knows more about it than I. She has brought along her note books, and will you show her over? I'll come back for her as soon as I can get away."

Willets showed Miss Dale over the factory. Afterwards they had luncheon. There ought to have been a third person present, but, after all, we are not so particular about those things as we were once. And how they did enjoy it!

The following week Willets called

on Miss Banler again. This time he knew she was out. Miss Dale had answered the telephone.

It was a great comfort for Willets to have Miss Dale answer the telephone. In truth, at the end of a month her voice had become necessary to him. And one afternoon as—in Miss Banler's absence—they sat together, he found himself saying:

"I love you!"

It was an hour later, tearing himself away from the girl who had promised to be his wife, that he met Miss Banler as she was coming in from her car.

"Come into this room a minute," he said, with some excitement, as Miss Dale, blushing furiously, disappeared upstairs. "You won't be angry—will you? but you know I'm in love—with your secretary—and I'm going to marry her!"

Miss Banler clasped her hands. Her beautiful brown eyes looked toward heaven.

"Great!" she whispered. "Is it positively, irrevocably true? You won't back out? You really mean it?"

"I should say I did. I was afraid you might not like it. She must be invaluable to you—you are so busy!"

Miss Banler laughed.

"It will be hard," she said. "But I'm used to it. This is the fifth time it's happened in a year."

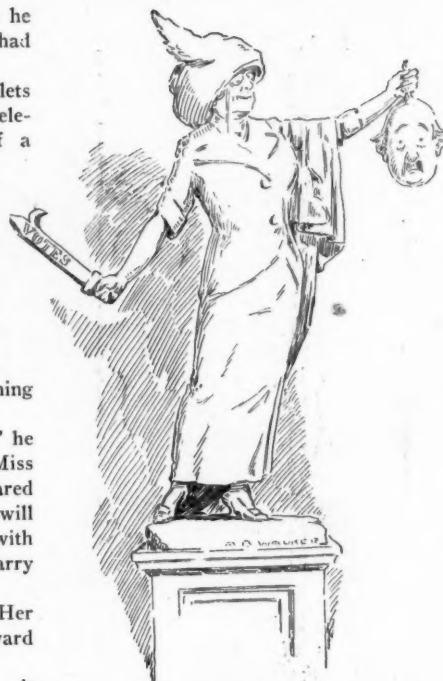
"What do you mean?"

"It's really quite simple. You must have thought it terribly rude of me to be away so much. But, you see, it is only a part of my plan. I tried settlement work, and found I could do no good. And I tried giving away money to the poor and saw the evil of it. Now I devote myself to securing social secretaries who will make good wives, and I marry them off as fast as I can to rich bachelors like you! Isn't it a splendid idea? Occupies my mind, and helps the race. It is so much better and nobler than being just an ordinary suffragette!"

Willets clasped her hand.

"And to think," he said solemnly, "that, now your victim knows it, he's just as glad as ever!"

Thomas L. Masson.



MRS. PERSEUS

Adventure

THE wind is up, across the sea
And I, in the familiar roar—
Hear a wild voice that calls to me—
Once more—once more!

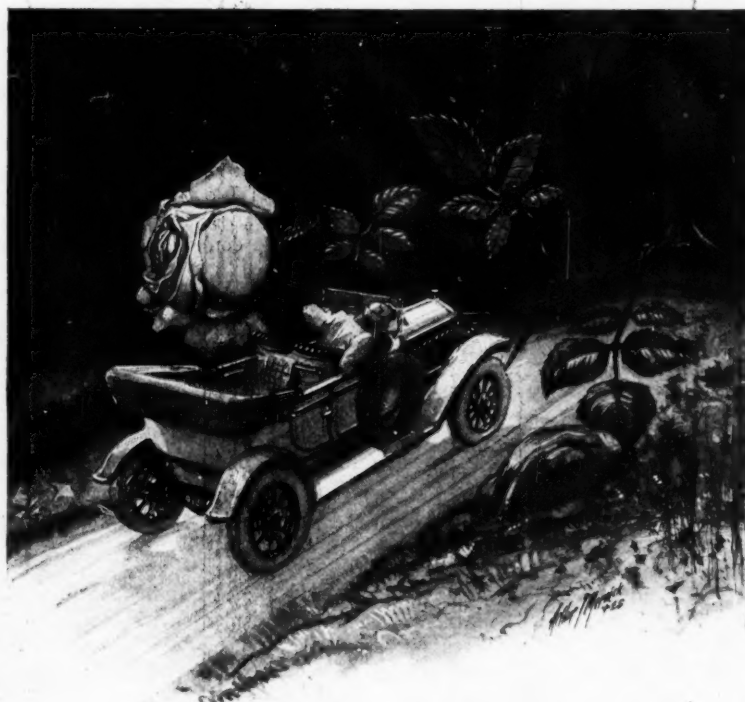
Oh, placid homes upon the beach,
Wet with the cold and constant
spray—
Life lies beyond the sea-gull's reach—
Away—away!

Oh, tender chains of daily love,
Your clinging ecstasy is vain—
When the north wind is mad above
Again—again!

The struggle and the pain of it,
The stress and strain,—the battle-
cry,—
The power and the gain of it!—
Go by—go by!

I am for tempest on the sea,
The elements that I adore,
From human bonds and duties free—
Once more—once more!

Leolyn Louise Everett.



TROUBLES OF A MOTORIST IN CALIFORNIA

Good News from Alabama

NEWS from Birmingham apprises us of extensive steps which are about to be taken to correct Alabama's attitude toward her convicts. Alabama has been leasing her convicts out to private individuals and corporations, and if convicts anywhere else have received worse treatment, the matter has been effectually hushed up. But a psychological leaven has started to work down there and its first task will be to tackle the convict-leasing system.

What difference does it make where Alabama starts, so long as she starts? Isn't it just a question of getting the habit of dealing kindly with unfortunates? If she can work up a little genuine sentiment toward criminals, it ought not to be many moons before she will begin to get interested in her many children who labor in her industries and who are deprived of ordinary educational facilities. We believe her sins have been due to carelessness rather than willfulness.

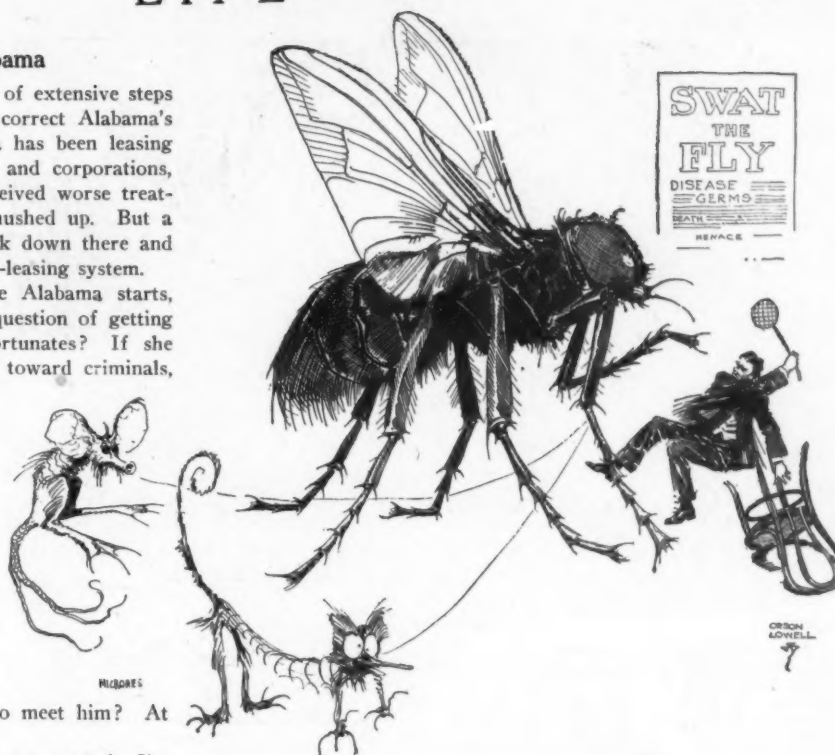
CLEVERTON: I expect to have an awful scene with Galloway over that political squabble we've got into. I'm going to have it out with him to-morrow.

DASHAWAY: Where are you going to meet him? At the club?

"Heavens, no! The club's no place for a quarrel. I'm going to have him at my home."



"GEE! I CAN'T HOLD ME END UP WITH THAT BUNCH. THEY'RE TOO SWIFT FER ME."



"SEE HERE! I'M A CLEAN, DECENT FLY AND YOU ARE JUST GOING TO STOP IT."

Bless You, No!

If I loved a man I should love him so completely that I should never think of anything in which he had not the first and greatest share. I should see his kind looks in every ray of sunshine—I should hear his loving voice in every note of music—if I were to read a book alone, I should wonder which sentence in it would please him most—if I plucked a flower I should ask myself if he would like me to wear it—I should live through him and for him—he would be my very eyes and heart and soul.

—Marie Corelli.

WE want to thank you, Marie, for letting us know in time, but to be real candid we don't want to be loved your way; mighty few men do. It all reads beautifully, but most men don't like the same kind of books their wives do. Most men hate to be sung to; and as for being the very eyes and heart and soul of any woman—not all the time. Even the best of us like to be left alone much of the time. When we marry we don't want to be strapped down to a ninety horse-power love car. In a life endurance test two people need to know each other not too well. It takes a lot of water to keep Niagara going. A marriage such as you indicate, Marie, would run out of power in two or three weeks.

BABIES inherit kisses, lovers exchange them, old men buy them.



JULY 17, 1913

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 62
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THE reunion at Gettysburg of the survivors of the men who fought there fifty years ago was a very wonderful occurrence, far more successful and inspiring and beneficial than we supposed it could be. The veterans came to a number exceeding fifty thousand, "Yanks" and "Rebs" alike, and were the guests of the Government, which provided them with food and tents and took, on the whole, very good care of them all.

Undoubtedly the veterans had a good time, and that was important. It was hot, but not many of them were the worse for the heat. The remarkable part of it was the great good will between the contestants of fifty years since. The war was by no means forgotten. It did not have to be. This whole occasion was a means of perpetuating the memory of it. But the reunion showed how wonderfully the upshot of the Civil War had been accepted. There was no rancor left. There was endless discussion and reminiscence, but no bitterness of dispute. The old Confederate flag was everywhere, an emblem no longer feared, a flag truly captured by the Union and belonging in it.

It was a fine thing, this celebration. It bred good will and sympathy and good understanding. We knew before, have long known, that North and South were reunited, but not all of us appreciated, perhaps, how fully united they are. This Gettysburg reunion

attested it. It was a reminiscence of a great scene that had happened and that had to happen, but from no particular fault of the actors in it on either side, and which had all worked out right in the end.



WE need to be a united people, joined in our hearts if not in our opinions, for there is a good deal of puzzling political work ahead of us to be worked out patiently and shoulder to shoulder. That in a way, was the burden of President Wilson's address; an address admirable in spirit and in diction. Lincoln went down to Gettysburg and spun his soul into that short address that is immortal. For another President to speak at Gettysburg at the greatest meeting there since Lincoln spoke was, of course, a daunting stunt. But Mr. Wilson did not shirk it. He went, as was right, and disclosed what was in him, as he usually does, and all with the distinction and the eloquence and the penetration and the restraint that we are getting used to expect of him.



COLONEL ROOSEVELT also made speeches on that same day—the Fourth—but not at Gettysburg. There was a Bull Moose love feast at Newport. He was there and spoke

twice. In the morning he made a very proper discourse in favor of a strong navy; in the afternoon another about Mr. Wilson's bad new freedom. He said there was nothing in it; that is, no real bite. It was just bark, he thought. Not a real progressive specific; "nothing whatever but the right of the big men to crush the little men and to shield their iniquity beneath the cry that they are exercising freedom."

Tut, tut! That's not the new freedom. Is it, readers? The Colonel spoke at a clambake. Nobody should speak at clambakes. Clams are enough. They are also an example.



IT would not be generous to pitch too hard into what Colonel Roosevelt might say in an interval of baked clams. What he says in the *Outlook* is fairer game. For example, here's something. We find him observing:

A vote is like a rifle: its usefulness depends on the character of the user. The mere possession of the vote will no more benefit men and women not sufficiently developed to use it than the possession of rifles will turn untrained Egyptian fellaheen into soldiers. This is as true of women as of men and no more true. * * * I believe in suffrage for women in America because I think they are fit for it.

That is one theory about the vote. The other is that a vote is like a dose of quinine, and not only does not depend on character or competence, but is most needed by those least fit to cast it. There is a story that Tom Reed gave great offense to a delegation of suffragists, headed by Miss Anthony, by telling them that he was for woman suffrage not because he thought that women would do good with votes, but because he thought votes might do good to women.

So, Mr. Lucian Cary, reviewer of books and purveyor of discourse to the excellent Bull Moose *Evening Post*, of Chicago, dispensing views last month on this topic, pointed out that the difference between democratic and aristocratic theories of government is

that the one considers the wishes of people important, and the other considers the opinions of people important. He said:

The democrat may reasonably and consistently admit that the average person's opinion on a matter of public policy is worthless. But he is not concerned about opinions. He is concerned about wishes. That is to say, he is concerned about justice. (Tut, tut!) The aristocrat is concerned about efficiency. * * *

It follows, then, that to the democrat the fact that a given class is ignorant or weak is no evidence that it should not be allowed to vote. Rather the contrary. For the fundamental paradox of democracy is precisely this: the human being should be allowed to vote because he is unfit to vote. * * * If this United States is a democracy, or is even trying to become a democracy, the question whether women are wise enough to vote is beside the point. Any discussion of it except as an interesting speculation is impertinent.

If we understand Mr. Cary's ideas, Mr. Roosevelt is a mighty poor democrat, and by no means a lawful suffragist. Moreover, if Mr. Cary was himself a true democrat, according to his own theories he could hardly be a suffragist, since if he respects wishes he should respect the wish of a large majority of women not to be bothered with the vote. The suffragists are a small band trying to boss a much greater one. That is not a democratic aspiration. It is oligarchical.

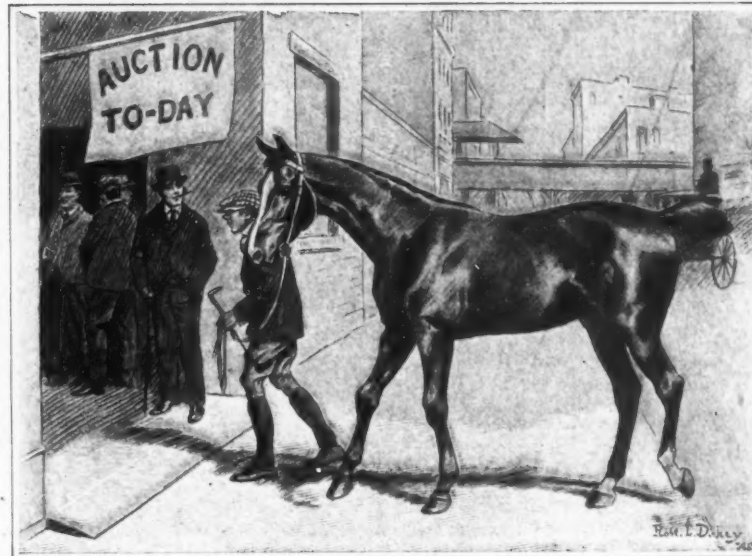
We guess Mr. Roosevelt is more Hamiltonian than democrat. He is strong for efficiency.

To our mind, a vote is neither a rifle nor a dose of quinine, but more like the tide, on which ships that have wise navigators may come to port. What saves the day when a huge proportion of the voters are politically incompetent is the residue of ability and devotion that governs through votes by sheer force of mind and character.



THE Payne-Aldrich tariff law now in force admits free of duty paintings, sculptures and other works of art more than twenty years old. On all others the duty is fifteen per cent.

The Underwood bill when it left



REWARD FOR SERVICES RENDERED

the House was still more liberal, and admitted free of duty paintings and sculptures not intended for commercial uses.

But at this writing the Senate caucus has restored the duty of fifteen per cent. on works of art, and gone beyond the Payne bill in saying that only those may come in free that are intended for public institutions or are more than fifty years old.

We beg respectfully to deprecate this raise. The exaction of duties on works of art is bad for art and not at all important for revenue. American artists do not want a protective tariff on paintings and sculptures. The bill as the Senate caucus has left it still lets in free the more expensive pictures that only excessively rich people buy, and puts a tax on all of us lowlier patrons of art who have to pick up pictures while they are new and cheap, and while their authors are young, if we are to have them at all.

If the Senate feels that it ought to tax the imported Cubist pictures, we will try to bear that; but the Underwood bill as it left the House was a great deal better in its relation to art than it is as it comes from the Senate caucus.



TOO large a percentage of the people killed in automobile accidents leave to their survivors the sorrowful reflection that they died as the fool dieth.

High speed on highways is almost always folly. Motorists take terrible risks and survive and take more. Finally they get caught.

Lax

OUR JULY PANT SALE

is now in progress and you will find it a most unusual and profitable time to buy pants.

—From the Springfield Republican.

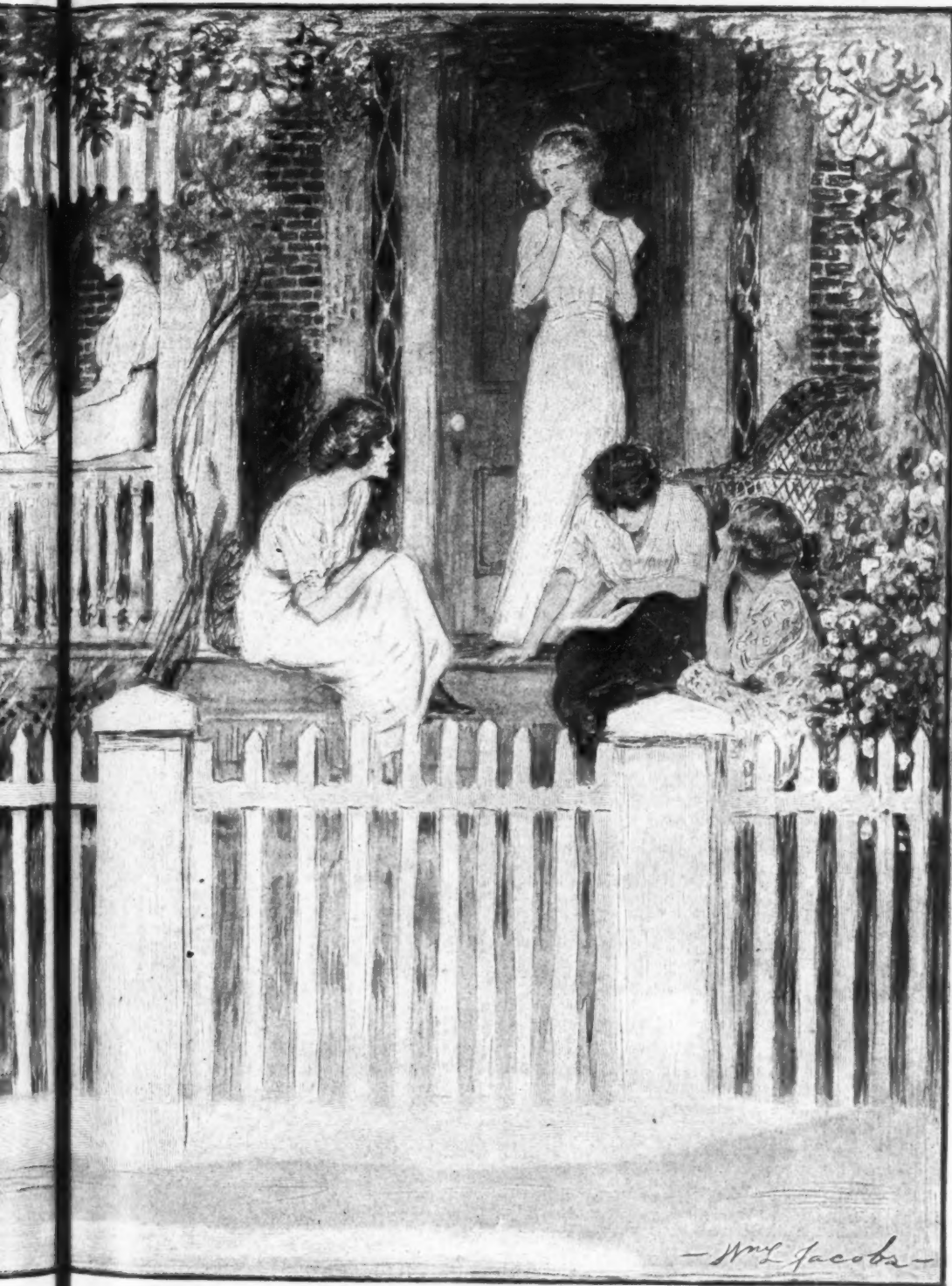
Should not our so fastidious friend who spells ambassador with an "e" do better, even in its advertising columns, than as above!

And in its editorial columns it uses "sense" as a verb. We submit that a paper that spells ambassador with an "e" ought not to use either "sense" or "voice" as verbs. If it is going to set an example, it ought to set a good one. Few of our contemporaries are so well qualified to do it.

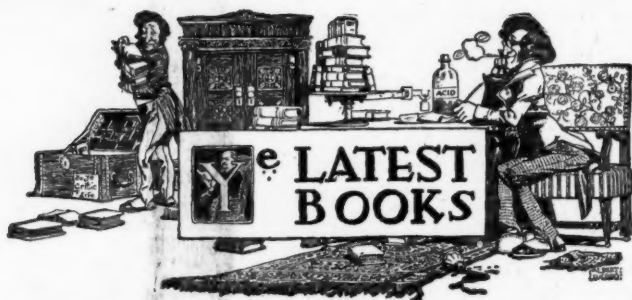


In Search of Quiet
AND HE HAS ENGAGED FOR A M

LIE.



n Search of Quiet
ENGAGED FOR A MONTH



THERE is some satisfaction in being an American reviewer these days. A couple of years ago there used to be weeks at a time—two, three, four of them on end sometimes—when one could review nothing but English or French or German books for the humiliating but imperative reason that one couldn't read enough of the current American writing to work on without getting softening of the brain. Of course now and again one of the old guard came along with a novel and kept one in countenance as a citizen of the republic. And occasionally an exception to the rule proved it by the way his appearance gave one palpitation of the appreciation. But for the most part the younger fry and the new comers either manufactured vaudeville-turn stories that hinged upon what happened to the hero after he had got into the wrong hansom cab, or else exploited snatches of personal observation in political or industrial or sociological fields by mixing two parts of melodrama and one of denatured love interest with each part of what they would doubtless have labeled "realism." And if you kicked, you were no patriot.

But 1913 seems to be different. Out of the eleven books reviewed in the past five weeks, ten have been American. And they have not been consciously chosen that way, either. Moreover, increasing numbers of American books are beginning to show genuine and apparently spontaneous traces of that strangely simple and reverent and ruthless attitude toward, and interest in, life as it fluxes round us, that has a scientific and a religious as well as an artistic impulse back of it, and that we recognize, although we can

scarcely as yet define it, as the evolving spirit of modern fiction.

"COMRADE YETTA" (Macmillan, \$1.35), Albert Edwards' story of New York's great seething East Side, its sweat-shops, socialists, settlement workers, society slummers, and the struggle of its unorganized labor toward organization and an industrial footing, is one of these books. One is not moved by it to any panegyric flights. But one is moved by it. One does not think of it in superlatives. But one thinks of it. And here, roughly indicated, is one of the outward and visible signs of the new fiction. For it is not as a story that one thinks of "Comrade Yetta," but as an experience; as a meeting with certain persons, the knowing of whom has given human meaning and personal significance to facts heretofore but scantily clothed with reality. The little Jewish girl, whose fine-faced old father kept a second-hand book store on East Broadway, and who, after his death, became a sweat-shop worker and later a factor in the fashionable game of reform and a figure in the life of the proletarian

East Side, is not only a living and likable girl and woman, and a character whose developing personality dominates the pages of an interesting book, but she is an interpretative touchstone whose presence brings out for us the living quality of the alien surroundings through which we follow her.

"THE Eternal Maiden" (Kennerley, \$1.20), T. Everett Harré's half legend-like tale of an Eskimo love-tragedy—the courting of Anadoah by the best hunter of their little tribe, her infatuation with a fur trader from the South, and her awakening too late to the quality of her native wooer's heroic devotion—is worthy of mention for its embodiment of a spirit the exact opposite of the modern one, the poetic, folklorish spirit of a generalized interpretation through which we get sudden and delightful inklings of the primitive's nearness to nature and of the practical logic of the mythological. It would be a readable little book if for nothing more than the novelty of its subject and the exotic colorfulness of its *mise-en-scène*. It would be a work to conjure with if its fine legend-like simplicities were more continuous. As it stands, it is at once a refreshing novelty and a poetic experiment in which touches of banality alternate with delicate passages of charming success. J. B. Kerfoot.

Confidential Book Guide

An Affair of State, by J. C. Snaith. A thrilling picture of the clash of personal interests involved in a political crisis in England.

Barbara Gwynne, by W. B. Trites. A story of provincial America which strikes through "local color" down into human fundamentals.

The Catfish, by Charles Marriott. A novel by the author of "Now," in which a skillful and sympathetic study of character is the prelude to a story of comparatively slight interest.

Enjoyment of Poetry, by Max Eastman. A splendid book that turns its back on academics and literariness and deals with the sources of our poetic moods and their coloring of our daily lives.

Food and Flavor, by Henry T. Finck. An enthusiastic treatise on the connections between flavor and digestion, appetite and health, and an arraignment of American carelessness.

Inside the Ropes, by Charles E. Van Loan. Eleven stories of the prize ring, and every one a knock-out.

The Isle of Life, by Stephen French Whitman. A melodrama of the Mediterranean, written like a society novel. A good book to make you forget the thermometer.

John Cave, by W. B. Trites. The complete history of a man's soul laid before us with amazing concentration and simplicity in a short but remarkable novel.

A Landsman's Log, by Robert W. Neeser. A diary of the author's three-months' cruise with the Atlantic Squadron. Interesting glimpses of navy routine.

The Love-Seeker, by Maud Churton Brady. Advice *pro* and *con* by a cynical sentimentalist.

Mark Twain and the Happy Island, by Elizabeth Wallace. A pleasant little volume of reminiscences of a Bermuda winter.

Medical Union Number Six, by William Harvey King. An amusing skit on the future possibilities of Syndicalism.

My Past, by Countess Marie Larisch. Ingenuous glimpses of life at the Austrian Court and new light on the death of Crown Prince Rudolph.

The Nest, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Excellent short stories that run to the deft analysis of quiet situations.

A Personal Narrative of Political Experiences, by Robert M. La Follette. A simple, easy and interesting account of personal participations in a significant political development.

Reflections of a Beginning Husband, by Edward Sandford Martin. A little love story for a hook and many delightful thoughts aloud hung on it.

V. V.'s Eyes, by Henry Sydnor Harrison. A De Morganish novel by the author of "Queed." A beguiling story that is certain to win thousands of readers.



Girl in Boat: THERE'S MR. AN' MRS. WHITE. SHE'S TWENTY AN' HE'S FORTY.
"GRACIOUS! TWICE HER AGE! JUST THINK, WHEN SHE'S FIFTY HE'LL BE A HUNDRED."

Attention, Visitors!

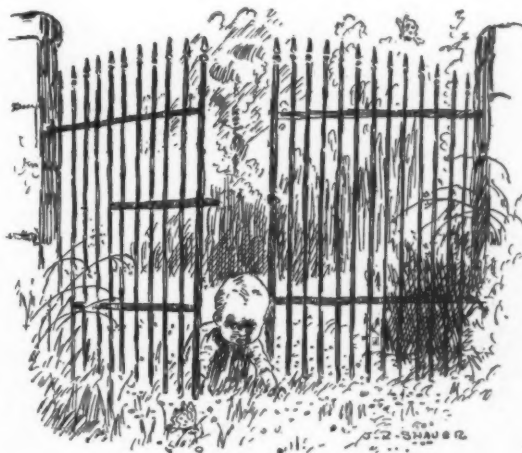
ALL those who contemplate visiting New York during this gala summer season should be sure not to miss seeing our latest improvement; namely, the fences in and about Madison Square Park. These are no ordinary fences. On the contrary, they constitute the largest and most exclusive collection of gas pipe known to captivity.

Looked at from any side, angle or altitude, they present a bewildering, pulchritudinous maze to the admiring eye. But they are dedicated not to beauty alone; they are dedicated to utility as well. They prevent the careless or leisurely peregrinator and the irresponsible child from swerving a hair's breadth from the curved and narrow paths of heated cement and lingering on the alluring lawn.

No visit to New York is complete without a view of this triumph of modern landscape gardening. Be sure that it is included in your itineraries.

FATHER (sternly): Bobbie, did you go to Sunday School this morning, as I told you to?

BOBBIE: Yes, father, I did—but it spoiled the whole day for me.



AN EXPLORING EXPEDITION

Coming

July 16—Anniversary of the surrender of Santiago, Spanish-American war. After which Cuba settled down to a monotonous round of revolutions, tourists, cyclones, sugarcane, duels and national lotteries.

Sixth International Congress of Free and Progressive Christians and other Religious Liberals, Paris, France. Inhabitants of the South Sea Islands are making preparations for a bumper crop of missionaries this fall.

Press Club Carnival, St. Louis, Mo. The Governor of Missouri and the entire State administration have been invited to attend. One of the features will be a society cabaret show. This being Missouri, it is expected that a considerable proportion of the populace will clamor to be shown.

Annual picnic of Union Sunday Schools, Lockport, N. Y. Scholars patronizing "open shop" Sunday Schools need not apply. All union cards must be shown at the gate.

Carnival of the Foresters of America, Oakland, Cal. Oakland being a fine, homelike rendezvous for botanists and tree-lovers.

July 17—"Grocers' Day" in New Orleans, La. All retail grocers have been urged to declare a holiday. Some, however, have refused to do anything but declare a dividend. In the reckless spirit of revelry, several genuine eggs will be cooked and eaten.

Coast Defence Maneuvers, Fort Williams, Portland, Me. Great havoc is expected to be wrought among the Gibson girls who commonly execute the coast maneuvers—with emphasis on the man—during the summer months. Several more or less serious engagements are expected to result.

July 18—Boardwalk Masque Fête, Asbury Park, N. J. Many mosquitoes will drop in, quite informally, after the unmasking.

Final round of Davis Cup tennis matches, Wimbledon, Eng. Mr. McLoughlin, of California, is expected to precipitate international complications.

July 19—Westchester County Tennis Championship, Westchester, N. Y.; Tennis Club Open Tournament, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Westmont Tennis Club, Southern Pennsylvania Championship. This in spite of the fact that the country has had two golf Presidents in rapid succession.

Regatta of Cardiff Rowing Club; Yacht Race from Cowes to Havre for King Edward VII. Challenge Cup; Regatta at Nottingham; Yacht Races of Royal Southampton Yacht Club; Molesey Rowing Regatta. Very little staying ashore is being done in England this season. One result of having one's ocean so close to terra firma.

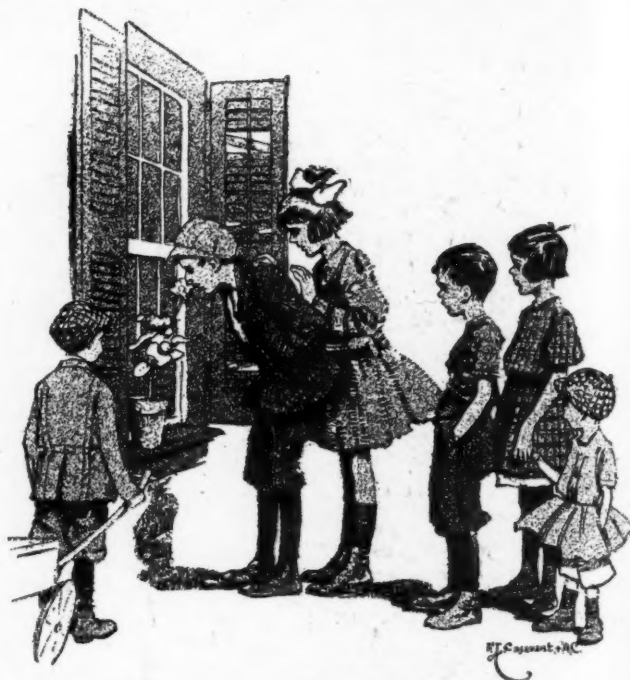
July 20—Dr. Vilhjalmar Stefansson, the well-known discoverer of blond Esquimaux, will join his ship at Nome, Alaska, preparatory to a three-year expedition into the storied North. The doctor expects to find his Esquimaux still quite blond, as styles change very slowly in the zero regions.

Spanish International Bicycle Road Race from San Sebastian to Bilbao. Illustrating the rapid development of the Spanish character since the days of Don Quixote. By 2013, it is confidently predicted, automobiles will be no uncommon thing in Spanish parts.

July 21—National Convention of the Photographers' Association of America, Kansas City. The convention will probably result in many developments.

Children's Festival, Dinkelsbuehl, Germany. Employers of child labor have sent letters protesting against the prodigal waste of time and profits. The child's place, they assert, is in the factory.

New England Military Rifle Association, annual rifle tournament, Wakefield, Mass. Mr. Carnegie frowns in spirit at



"DON'T SNIFF SO HARD, JIMMY, OR THERE WON'T BE ENOUGH SMELL LEFT TO GO 'ROUND."

the warlike New England temperament. Dr. Pease, president of the anti-smokers' league, has decided to insist that only smokeless powder be used.

Point Judith Polo Club, open tournament, Newport, R. I. Contestants must ride at least \$100,000 worth of ponies during the match. Otherwise the tournament is open to the general public.

Anniversary of the battle of Bull Run. An important engagement first won by the Northern newspapers and then lost by the Northern troops. Is still being fought by gentle-faced old men with empty sleeves.

July 22—Annual Convention of the Leather and Shoe Finders' Association, Philadelphia, Pa. Awl Philadelphia will be present.

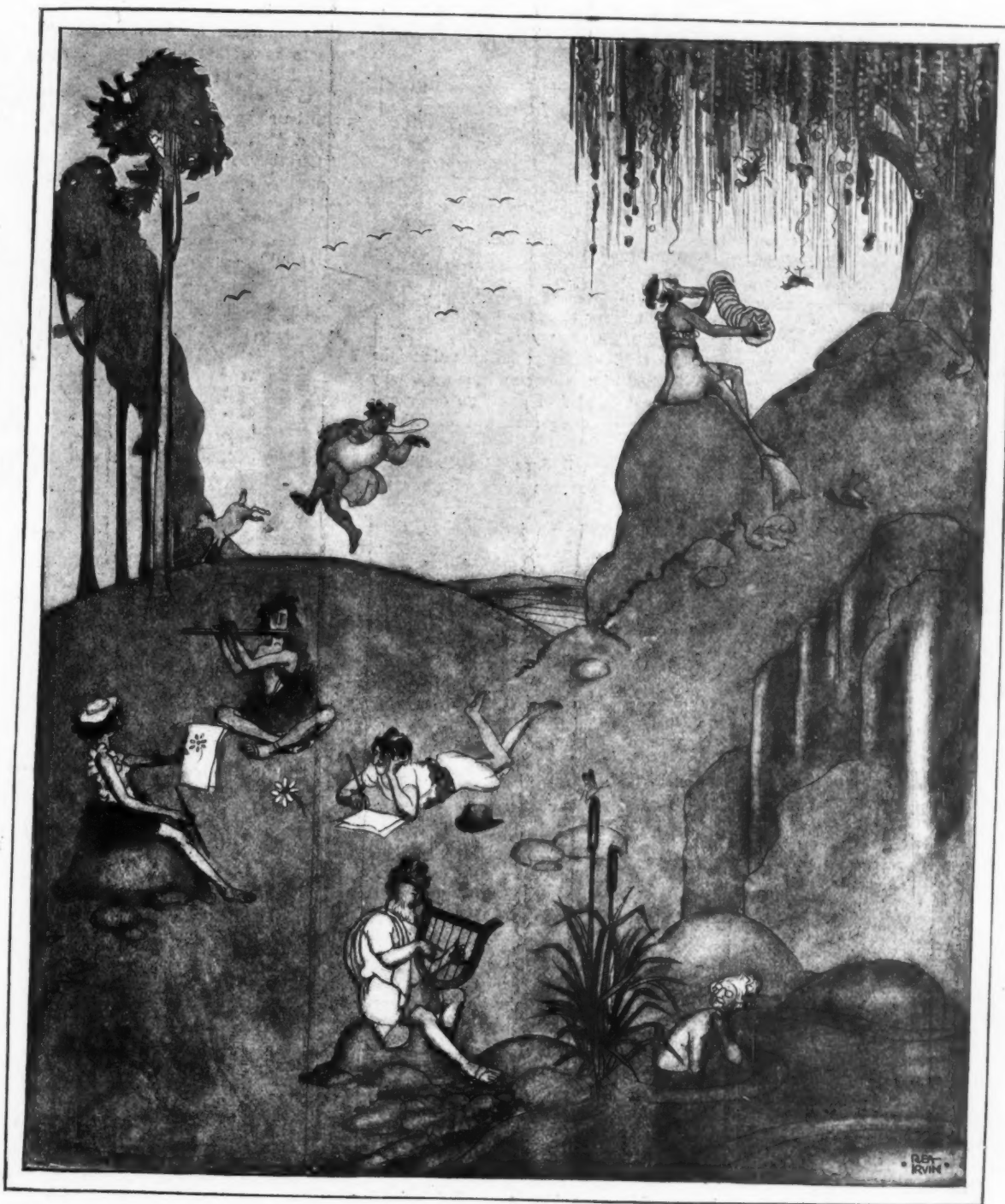
City of Youngstown, Ohio, will vote on a proposed "Home Rule" charter. A form of government effectively employed by every woman since Eve.

July 23—Opening of the hot weather campaign of the Massachusetts Society Opposed to the Further Extension of Suffrage to Women, Barnstable, Mass. "We propose," proposes the M. S. O. T. F. E. O. S. T. W., "to talk it out along this line if it takes all summer."

"Three Wars" Celebration at Steubenville, O. President Wilson and the German ambassador will be present, as will the Governors of Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia. Steubenville was christened for Baron Steuben, of Germany, and the Continental Army, and was the last stop of Morgan's raiders during the Civil War.

Answer to Last Week's Rebus

"The college graduate will soon discover how little he really knows."



THE MILLENNIUM
BACK TO NATURE

Synthetic Republic Launched

Mrs. Pankhurst and Followers Firmly and Permanently Established on the Island of Eugenia—Only Ideal Government Known to World—Interview Under Some Difficulty

(Special Correspondence to Life)

EUGENIA, July 15.

ALL of the male correspondents have been excluded from the island. I am the only one left and I leave here to-morrow morning forever. For twenty-four hours I was tied up in a small boat off the end of the island and had to interview the President and the members of the cabinet by megaphone, but upon learning what the effect upon the world at large would be, Mrs. Pankhurst finally consented to permit me to land for an hour or so.

Everything is running smoothly. While I was talking to the President the conversation was interrupted by the reverberations of bombs in the southern end of the island.

"What's that?" I exclaimed involuntarily.

Mrs. Pankhurst smiled. "That is a little idea of my own," she said, "and it is necessary for the evolution of the synthetic woman."

"What is the synthetic woman?"

"The higher order of feminine being developed naturally from the suffragette."

"And those bombs?"

"Don't you see that before woman can be evolved properly it is necessary for her to give vent to her emotions? Now we women have been in the habit of destroying property and I have therefore introduced this little idea into the island. Half of us spend our time in putting up a building and the next day the other half blow it up with those bombs and eternal verity is thus preserved."

"How long do you expect to have to keep this up?"

"Until we reach the higher governmental calm."

Miss Inez Milholland arrived this morning from America. It is understood that she will have the portfolio of state. In the meantime an army

of pirates, composed of Mongolians, Caucasians, Indo-Europeans and a few Anglo-Saxons attacked the island with a fleet of warships. They were repulsed with a great loss. Mrs. Pankhurst in speaking of this said:

"In order to reach our higher destiny it is necessary for us to establish the fundamental proposition that 'the female of the species is more deadly than the male.' I guess no other collection of mere men will disturb us again."

"Please tell LIFE, Mrs. Pankhurst, something of the form of your republic."

"It will be an ideal society, there being no men present to disturb us. The program is about as follows: The morning hours will be devoted to hysterics. Up to the present time hysterics have not received their just due, having been held in contempt by most men. By exploiting hysterics in the form which I have suggested, by bomb-throwing and the use of other explosives, we expect to recreate the fundamental nature of women. The afternoon will be devoted to rest and speech-making and various processes of government."

"How about your domestic problems?"

"There are none. Each member of this society provides for her own needs."

At this moment the gong sounded which was the signal for my leaving the island forever.

"Remember," said Mrs. Pankhurst, "this is the last communication which will be made with the outside world."

"But how will the world know," I declared, "just how the experiment is going to succeed and whether your government will really be an ideal society for all men to keep and for all nations to rejoice in?"

Mrs. Pankhurst smiled, shaking hands cordially as we stepped into the boat.

"That is easy," she said. "We have, of course, a few immediate problems to solve; but just wait!"

"Wait for what?"

"For Posterity. Posterity will prove us to be right."

"But Mrs. Pankhurst—without—?"

"Certainly. Posterity will be evolved from the higher Synthesis. Farewell!"



"HELLO! IS THAT INFORMATION? WELL, SAY! MY WIFE'S AWAY, AND THE COOK HAS JUST LEFT. WOULD YOU BE KIND ENOUGH TO TELL ME HOW LONG I SHOULD BOIL THE COFFEE?"

War or Peace?

FOR the best arraignment of war in five hundred words or less, *LIFE* will pay three hundred dollars. The contributions as they are received will be passed upon and such as are accepted for publication will be paid for at five cents a word. The one which the editors of *LIFE* consider the best of all the contributions accepted will receive the prize of three hundred dollars. The competition begins at once.

The accepted manuscript will be published in the War Number of *LIFE*, to be issued the first week in October. This number will be the best pictorial and satirical arraignment of war that it is possible for *LIFE* to publish. It will present the case against war from our own standpoint.

The conditions of the contest are as follows:

No manuscript shall exceed five hundred words in length.

Any number of manuscripts on the subject can be sent in by one contributor.

The name and address of each contestant should be placed upon the manuscript, which preferably should be typewritten.

All those manuscripts which are not acceptable will be returned if accompanied by postage.

The contest will close on Saturday, August Thirtieth. No manuscript received after noon on that date will be considered.

All contributions should be addressed to the Editor of *LIFE*, 17 West 31st Street, New York City; and "War Contest" should be put in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

News

BRIGGS: I see that some cars in use on the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. go back to the Civil War.

GRIGGS: Really? I had no idea they were so up-to-date as that!



"OH, DEAR! NOTHING EXCITING EVER HAPPENS NOWADAYS"



"WOMAN AND HER SPHERE"

No Question About It

A CHILD adopted from an orphans' home was being ridiculed by the other children because he had no real parents. The conversation went about as follows:

"Aw you haven't got any real father and mother."

"Maybe I haven't but the ones I have got love me as much as yours do you."

"They do not. Ours are our real parents."

"Well, mine love me more than yours do you 'cause mine picked me out of a hundred other babies and yours had to take what they got," replied the adopted son.

"WHAT do you call your dog?"

"Stock Market."

"What a peculiar name. Any particular reason?"

"I should say so. Most unreliable dog you ever saw. You can never tell what he's going to do next."



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

His Varying Title

An old fellow attached to an Episcopal church in New England took a friend into his confidence as to the triviality of the title by which he should be designated.

"Well," said he, "the old church goes on the same, although it does change its expressions at times. Look at me. I used to be the janitor. Then along comes a parson who calls me the sextant. The next minister says I am a virgin; and the young man that's here now calls me the sacrilege. It's all a matter of taste."

—Harper's.

How He Found It

"So you claim the world is round," sneered the skeptic. "How do you know that it is not square?"

"Because I have had too many dealings with it," grimly replied Columbus.

—Florida Times-Union.

"You have some lovely old things in your house, Mrs. Comeup."

"Yes, but we have some beautiful new things, too, the latest out. You must see the antiquarium we got for our goldfish."

—Baltimore American.



THE MODERN "MR. MICAWBER"

REMARKABLE FOR HIS RAPID ALTERNATIONS OF DEPRESSION AND ELEVATION OF SPIRITS AND HIS CONSTANT PERSUASION THAT "SOMETHING WILL TURN UP."

Calling the Cows

In many of his speeches President Wilson has contended that life in large cities is apt to tend to a rather restricted view of things. To illustrate his point he is fond of telling this story:

"There is a certain elderly lady who had lived most of her life in fashionable hotels. Her health failed somewhat and her friends persuaded her to go to a farm house to recuperate.

"At the expiration of a very few days, however, the yearning for her accustomed mode of existence could not be denied and she returned to the city. To her friends she said that farm life was altogether too dull.

"But, surely," one said, "there must be some happenings of interest on a farm."

"I saw only one such happening," she replied.

"And what was that?" they inquired.

"Oh, that was when the farm hands went out into the meadows at night and paged the cows!"

—New York World.

Their Only Claim

Discussing a rather Bohemian set in Chicago, George Ade said at the Chicago Athletic Club:

"These poor girls needn't think themselves literary just because they use a pencil to darken their eyebrows with."

—New York Tribune.

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BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER

Challenges comparison with any other known mineral
—water in the world on its record of results—

DR. ROBERTS BARTHOLOW, Professor Emeritus of Materia Medica, General Therapeutics, etc., Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, said, in "Practical Treatise on Materia Medica and Therapeutics," 1899, that Buffalo Lithia Water "contains well-defined traces of lithia and is alkaline. It has been used with great advantage in gouty, rheumatic and renal affections."

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BIG BUSINESS IN THE MAKING

Rhymed Reviews

The Eternal Maiden

(By T. Everett Harré. Mitchell Kennerley.)

Through shrouding mists the icebergs
gleam
When summer warms the Arctic
regions;
The auks and hawks and puffins
scream
The guillemots disport in legions.

The wild drake woos the duckling coy
Upon the cliffs where verdure
thickens,
And, tremulous with gentle joy,
The oogzook chirrups to her chick-
ens.

Yet more than summer warmth pos-
sessed
The heart of Ootah, tribal hero;
For Annadoah ruled his breast—
Ah, Love at forty under zero!

But she, coquette!—in whom were
blent

Dark Eskimo and white invader,
With Olaf shared her nuptial tent,
And Olaf was a Greenland trader.

He left his trustful Eskibride
To hurry southward, helter-skelter;
And Annadoah would have died,
But Ootah found her food and
shelter.

When want with woes we won't de-
scribe
Assailed their igloos, round and
hutch-like,
'Twas Ootah saved the starving tribe
By hunting muskox, bears and such-
like.

His valor, strength and wise advice
Alone assured his folks' survival.
He foiled, upon the shifting ice,
Maisanguaq, a jealous rival.

Now Annadoah's child was born—
But blind!—foredoomed to tribal
slaughter;
From out the mother's arms 'twas torn
And flung upon the icy water.

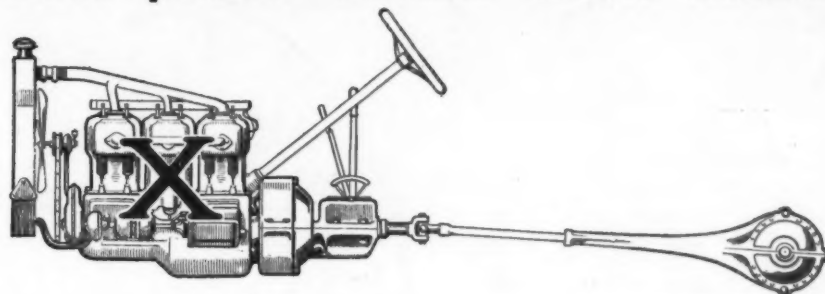
But Ootah heard the mother's cry.
To save the babe his loved one
cherished

He leaped among the billows high,
Upon the cruel rocks he perished.

The author gleaned his lore, I guess,
From—well, a noted Arctic slummer;
But gives a panting world, no less,
A nice, cool book to read in summer.

Arthur Guiterman.

Lost power means worn metal



"X" indicates the motor where your power develops. But:
A great deal of the power developed in combustion chambers never gets to the rear axles.

If motorists understood better the costly results of unnecessary friction they would select their lubricating oil with the greatest care.

Only oil of the very highest lubricating quality can properly protect the moving parts.

Only oil whose "body," or thickness, is suited to your feed system can properly reach the friction points.

Correct "body" is quite as important as correct *quality*.
And correct "body" cannot be determined by guess.

Motor-constructions differ widely. Before the correct "body" for your feed requirements can be determined, the construction of your motor *must* be known and carefully considered.

To this end, every year we analyze the motor-construction of each of the season's models. Guided by this analysis and by practical experience we determine the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for each make of car.

The correct oil for each car we then specify in a lubricating chart (printed, *in part*, on the right).

The oils specified have extraordinary wearing qualities and will retain an efficient lubricating "body" under the most exacting service demands. Their "body" suits the feed requirements of each car they are recommended for.

The lubricating chart in this page represents the professional advice of a company whose authority on scientific lubrication is unquestioned the world over—the Vacuum Oil Company.

If you use oil of lower lubricating **quality** or of less-correct **"body"** than that specified for your car, your motor must face loss of power, unnecessary friction, and ultimate serious damage.

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloil from dealers it is safest to order either a full barrel, half-barrel, or a *sealed* five-gallon or one-gallon can.

A booklet, containing our complete lubricating chart and points on lubrication, will be mailed you on request.



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A grade for each type of motor

The various grades, refined and filtered to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "D"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

They are put up in 1 and 5 gallon **sealed cans**, in half-barrels and barrels. **All are branded with the Gargoyle, which is our mark of manufacture.** They can be secured from all reliable garages, automobile supply stores, and others who supply lubricants.

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



An Efficiency Fiend

The general manager of an Eastern railroad had a dreaded reputation for laying off men whenever he found the slightest excuse.

He appeared in the yards one day and two switchmen discussed him.

"He don't look like the man we hear he is," said one.

"What do you hear?" the other asked.

"Why, they say when he was at the funeral of Flannery's wife and the six pallbearers came out carrying the coffin he raised his hand and said: 'Hold on, boys! You can get along without two of them!'"—*Saturday Evening Post*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

No Sportsman

A certain Irishman living in New York owns a number of tenement houses on the East Side in the Jewish district. One day one of his tenants, a little, wizened-up Jew, called at his office to make a complaint.

"I tell you, Mister Murphy, I am goin' to leave it your flat."

"Sure, now," answered Murphy, "and what is the trouble?"

"Vell, I tell you dere's too many rats in dot flat. Vy, only yesterday I kills eight!"

Murphy jumped to his feet in anger, and bellowed forth: "An' 'tis rats, is it, that is bothering ye? You lave thim rats alone! What do you want for eight dollars a month? Hunting privileges?"—*Everybody's*.

DINAH, when asked why she had not put on mourning for a recently deceased admirer, replied, "Law, miss, I just thought dis way. What's the use? He's there and I'm here."—*Harper's*.



The utmost in
Flavour.

EGYPTIAN
DEITIES
The Utmost in Cigarettes
Cork Tips or Plain

Startling News

New Yorker (at box-office window):
"Have you two orchestra seats in the fourth row, center, for to-night?"

Ticket Seller: "Yes, sir."

New Yorker (after recovering from the shock): "I guess I don't want them—the show can't be any good!"

—*Lippincott's*.

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott Co., Baltimore, Md.

DURING sermon time the other day a baby began to cry, and its mother carried it toward the door. "Stop!" said the minister, "the baby's not disturbing me."

The mother turned toward the pulpit, and made the audible remark, "Oh, 'e ain't, ain't 'e? But you're a disturbin' of 'im!"—*British Weekly*.

A Good and Valid Reason

"I wish this fellow wouldn't send you so many chocolates," said the other suitor.

"Why?" simpered the girl. "Are you jealous?"

"No; but I prefer to eat marshmallows."—*Kansas City Journal*.

"I CAN'T get that woman to take any fresh air," complained the young physician.

"You don't word your advice properly," said the old doctor. "Tell her to perambulate daily in the park, taking copious inhalations of ozone."

—*Washington Herald*.

"JAMES, there's a burglar down stairs. I'm going for help."

"Wait a minute. I'll go with you."—*Harper's Magazine*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cents per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles

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ESTABLISHED 1715



One Star

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V. S. O. P.

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EXTRA

Guaranteed over 25 years old

" " 40 "

" " 50 "

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THE EDWARDS

Pease

WOULD a society in New York for the suppression of Doctor Pease (who is at the head of the Non-Smokers' League) now be in order? This gentleman has been at large for a number of years. He illustrates the old idea inculcated by the Puritans who came over to America to worship God in their own way and to make everybody else do the same.

Doctor Pease appears to be laboring under the illusion that life is a question of years and not of sensations. He thinks that by getting people to quit smoking they may live longer. Well, what is the necessity for that? Are not people living too long already? Statistics inform us that they are living a great deal longer than they used to. Are they any better for it?

Besides, has Doctor Pease considered how remote is the possibility that he will succeed in making a number of people stop smoking whose lives will do any of us any good if they are thus prolonged? Isn't the kind of a man whose life ought to be prolonged just the one whose qualities of mind and heart would prevent him from being influenced by Pease?

But if smoking really shortens a man's life and thereby prevents him from being active, would it not be well to consider the possibility of making Pease smoke? We mean, of course, no disrespect to this gentleman. But at least it is one solution which we cheerfully offer to the oppressed public of New York.

GERTRUDE: When Tom asked you for a kiss last night, did you give him any?

GENEVIEVE: No,—but I lent him some.
—Chaparral.



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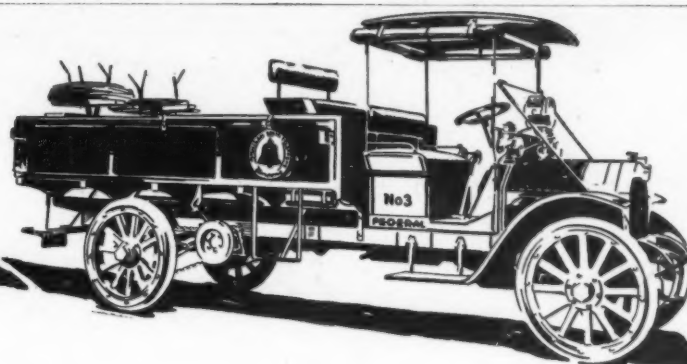
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WE have overwhelming proof of that. There is a score of logical reasons for that.

The proof is the service reports of 1000 Federal owners; the reports of manufacturers who before they bought the Federal had tried and discarded from two to five other trucks and who, since they found the Federal, have each bought from three to twelve Federals.

One reason for Federal Supremacy is Federal history. "The Federal was never an experiment." We sold Federal trucks for two years before we advertised them. And we built Federal trucks for a year before we sold them. We made sure that we had the first motor-driven vehicle scientifically and permanently to solve the problem of economical transportation. Then—and not until then—we offered the Federal for sale.

Another reason for Federal Supremacy is Federal Policy. We build no pleasure cars. The Federal has one model, one price and one purpose—a ton-and-a-half, \$1,800, and the best truck that can be built.

Another reason for Federal Supremacy is Federal Service. The Federal is now the national truck. It is in continuous operation in every State in the Union. That is national recognition. The Federal has national distribution. The Federal today has a Federal representative in virtually every city in the country. Every Federal owner is not merely promised Federal Service. He gets it.

The Federal was the first to convince the American manufacturer and merchant of the scientific and economic values of the motor truck. Then it convinced him of the Supremacy of the Federal.

PRICE INCLUDES
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TOOLS, ETC.

\$1800

BODY EXTRA, BUILT
TO MEET INDIVIDUAL
REQUIREMENTS.

Federal Motor Truck Company, Dept. L, Detroit, Mich.

Hands

HANDS were once used to hold up people in trees, and babies. Now they are used to hold cigarettes and throw bombs.

The hand in all ages has been a useful instrument. Athletes employ it to walk upon in circuses, and when a small boy has been placed at a convenient angle across the knee, the hand has performed valuable patriotic services. Even now burglars use hands to help keep the wolf away from the door.

Hands are employed also in oratory and courtship, and at receptions. Although considered valuable, they are still frequently given away by misguided young women who know no better than to fall in love.

Hands are also used on farms and in battles. Without them statesmen could not bring on wars, nor magnates sign checks.



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Magicians Wanted

WANTED—Magicians. Magicians who have specialized in political and social matters. Magicians who can look over the field, comprehend all the mistakes we have made in the last century or so, and, with one or two simple twists of the wrist, rectify these mistakes, save us from the consequences of our folly, and send us forth safe, sound, heart-whole and fancy-free upon the high road to Utopia. Magicians who will correct over-capitalizing without injuring the over-capitalizers; give us pure food without injuring the adulterators; stop graft without disturbing the *status quo* of the grafters; stop child labor without interfering with the profits of child employers, and do all manner of things which in the hands of ordinary mortals would entail much argument, misunderstanding, incrimination, recrimination, talk, et cetera, and so forth. Address, Perplexed, care Uncle Sam, District

Education

THE following excerpts from entrance examination papers at a representative New England college show how well our secondary schools are preparing for life:

Every one of Emerson's poems teaches immorality.

Demodocus was the first dish-thrower.

The most famous passage in Snow-Bound begins, "What is so rare as a day in June!"

The Merchant of Venice suggests that we should be careful how we meddle with another man's wife, for she may prove to be our own.

Many authors' works keep their lives alive.

Portia showed humor when she raised a row over the ring.

One of the most thing I admire is Olyseus building the raft and sail away a short time after he is gone Poseidon wreck him and he has to swim ashore and lose all of his thing which is on the raft.

The first book printed in America was the Back Bay Psalm Book.

Thanatopsis teaches us that everyone should be willing to meet their finale.

Emerson's poetry shows threw out that he saw with the sole.

Johnson thoroughly masticated the English language.

A hypochondriac is a person who is insane, but not enough so to be kept in a house.

The quarrel ended by Cassius telling him that he was getting knocked on all sides, and that he had inherited a tendency to speak harsh when he was mad.

Mercury—Greece God of rain.


James I was afflicted with argue.

Caedmon parfrazed the bible.

Jonathan Edwards married and for twenty years lived happily with his congregation.

Franklin was the first great American. First, he invented the printing press. Second, he married the girl what made fun of him.

E. R. M.



Genuine Chihuahua
...smallest, daintiest of all dogs; weight 3 to 5 lbs. An ideal pet for women. Very affectionate and faithful. Large, pleading eyes and intelligence almost human. Perfect proportions.
NOT the "Hairless" Breed
I personally select finest from native Mexican raisers and sell direct to you at half prices asked in East. Write today for free folder.
Francis E. Lester, Dept. TN-7K, Mesilla Park, N. M.

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can be taught to speak and to understand when spoken to, and may enjoy in a small and select boarding and day school the same educational and social advantages that are supplied for hearing pupils in the most exclusive of New York's private schools. A cultured home environment and the most skillful instruction.

The Wright Oral School, One, Two and Three Mount Morris Park, West, N. Y. City. Established 1894

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BASEBALL TALK

THE TWIRLER HAD VERY POOR SUPPORT

Mayor Gaynor on the End Seat Hog

City of New York,
OFFICE OF THE MAYOR.

June 3, 1913.

To the Honorable, the Board of Aldermen: The habit of all selfish people, and especially if they be big and fat, is to take the end place on the seats of the Summer cars, which run crosswise of the car, and stick there, instead of moving along to the other end as other people get on the car. This causes great inconvenience. All those who come after these selfish people have to climb over their legs and press by them as best they can. I would suggest to you to consider whether you should not pass an ordinance making this selfish practice a misdemeanor, and requiring those who enter cars with cross seats to move as far in as there is a vacant space to sit down. The selfishness and hogghishness of some people in this matter is a distressing spectacle, to say nothing of the inconvenience which they cause, especially to mothers with little children.

W. J. GAYNOR, Mayor.

Justifying the Professional Humorist

It is imagined that wit is a sort of inexplicable visitation, that it comes and goes with the rapidity of lightning, and that it is quite as unattainable as beauty or just proportion. I am so much of a contrary way of thinking, that I am convinced a man might sit down as systematically, and as successfully to the study of wit, as he might to the study of mathematics; and I would answer for it, that, by giving up only six hours a day to being witty, he should come on prodigiously before midsummer, so that his friends should hardly know him again.—Sydney Smith.

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On February 10th, 1913

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"The Green Mountain Express"

Leave New York (G. C. Ter.) 8.03 A. M. Daily—via Springfield for Brattleboro, Bellows Falls, White River Junction, Wells River and Newport, Vt., arriving 9.15 P.M. Returning leave Newport 9.40 A.M. Arrive New York 10.35 P.M. Through Buffet Smoking Car, Parlor and Coaches.

"The Keene Express"

Leave New York (G. C. Ter.) 11.00 A. M. Daily except Sunday—via Springfield for Keene, N. H., arriving 5.40 P.M. Returning leave Keene 7.30 A.M. Arrive New York 2.05 P.M. Through Buffet Parlor Car and Coaches.

"The Vermonter"

Leave New York (G. C. Ter.) 11.50 A. M. Daily—via Springfield for White River Junction, arriving 7.20 P.M. Returning leave White River Junction 9.00 A.M. Arrive New York 4.42 P.M. Through Buffet Smoker, Parlor Car, Dining Car and Coaches.

"The State of Maine Express"

Leave New York (G. C. Ter.) 8.10 P. M. Daily—via Springfield and Worcester for Lowell, Mass., Plymouth, N. H., Portland, Augusta and Bangor, Me., arriving 11.45 A.M. Leave Bangor 3.45 P.M. weekdays, 1.15 P.M. Sundays. Portland 8.40 P.M., arrive New York 7.05 A.M.

Through Sleeping Car to Plymouth, N. H., to Portland, Me.

Through Coaches to Portland, Buffet Sleeping Car to Bangor, Me.

Daily except Saturday to Bangor, and except Sunday from Bangor.

Our ticket agents will give you full information. For Sleeping or Parlor Car space apply 171 Broadway or Grand Central Terminal, New York

The New England Lines

The Inevitable

"I WANT to be loved," murmured the sweet young girl.

"You don't want anything of the sort," replied the suffragette. "You want to prove to the world that being a mother is the lowest aim of woman. You want to spend your time destroying property."

"You want to remain single," said the bachelor, "and give me a chance in my bachelor apartment to keep up with the high cost of living."

Said the school: "You don't want to be loved; you want to get four hundred dollars a year for the rest of your life inspiring the young by your noble example."

Said the doctor: "You don't dare be loved!"

Said the poet: "Nonsense! How can you want to be loved when I am writing all my epics to machinery?"

Said the novelist: "Not necessary, I assure you. My characters are all divorced."

Said the world: "You—want to be loved! This is evidently a case of vulgar sex appeal! And in one so seemingly innocent!"

"I want to be loved," repeated the young girl, with a sigh. "Is there no one who will take me?"

An old man stepped forward. "I am the only one left," he said. "I have outlived all the fads of the period. Will you let me love you?"

"There seems to be nothing else to do," said the young girl.



Prevented—Stopped

MOTHERSILL'S, after thorough tests, is now officially adopted by practically all the Great Lakes and New York Steamship Companies running south, and many Transatlantic lines.

Four years ago Mr. Mothersill gave a personal demonstration of his remedy on the English Channel, Irish Sea, and the Baltic, and received unqualified endorsement from leading papers and such people as Bishop Taylor Smith, Lord Northcliff, and hosts of doctors, bankers and professional men. Letters from personages of international renown—people we all know—together with much valuable information, are contained in an attractive booklet, which will be sent free upon receipt of your name and address.

Mothersill's is guaranteed not to contain cocaine, morphine, opium, chloral, or any coal-tar products. 50 cent box is sufficient for twenty-four hours. \$1.00 box for a Transatlantic voyage. Your druggist keeps Mothersill's or will obtain it for you from his wholesaler. If you have any trouble getting the genuine, send direct to the Mothersill Remedy Co., 405 Scherer Bldg., Detroit, Mich. Also at 10 St. Bride Street, London, Montreal, New

More motors go bad through poor oil than for any other reason

—and yet thoughtless owners keep on using poor oil. That's why the men who build motors and stake their business reputation on them are taking up Wolf's Head Oil and vigorously advising its use.

Here are some of the famous manufacturers who already use or advise the use of Wolf's Head Oil

Overland
Lozier
Oldsmobile
Hupmobile
Mitchell
Columbia
Stoddard-Dayton
Maxwell
Paige-Detroit
Isotta

Silent Knight
Daimler
Mercedes
Clement-Bayard
Itala
Warren
Federal Motor
Truck Co.
Marion
Sampson Truck
Brush



Gas Engine &
Power Co. and
Chas. L. Seabury
& Co., Cons.
Van Blerck Motor
Co.
Electric Launch Co.
(Elco)
Reliance Motor
Boat Co.
Gray Motor Co.

Scripps Motor Co.
Builders of motor
in the celebrated
"Detroit."
Blount & Lovell
Crane Brothers
Makers of "Dixie
IV" Engine
Midland Motor Co.
Loew Victor
Weckler-Fauber
Fifield Brothers
Erd Motor Co.

Insist on Wolf's Head Oil in the Original Sealed Cans

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Michigan, Northern Ohio, and Northern Indiana
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treal All Canada
ARTHUR STORZ AUTO SUPPLY CO. - Omaha, Neb.
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THE OZBURN AUTO SUPPLY CO. - Memphis, Tenn.
THE EQUIPMENT CO. - Kansas City, Mo.
SOUTHERN HARDWARE & WOODSTOCK CO. - New Orleans, La.
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ELYEA-AUSTELL CO. - Atlanta, Ga.
ANDERSON OIL CO. - Buffalo, N. Y.

Insist Upon Wolf's Head Oil— Just As the Motor Manufacturers Do



PAINTING H'S NOSE
TWO CONCEPTIONS

How ab
EV
A
For th
In Splits
C. H. EVANS &

A New Popular Sport

THE technique of the art of killing people in large cities does not seem to be so complete as it should be. For example, in the streets of New York in the year nineteen eleven five hundred and thirty-two people were killed by automobiles. In addition to this, over thirteen thousand people were injured in the same city by automobiles. While the exact figures are not available, nineteen twelve exceeds this, and nineteen thirteen promises to exceed nineteen twelve.

In almost all of our popular amusements which draw crowds the affair is advertised beforehand, and an opportunity given to the spectators to witness the proceedings. But with the exciting and sensational sport of killing people there is no system. No opportunity is afforded to the thousands who have the price to see it done. The chauffeur and a few ordinary folks who happen to be near the scene by chance are usually the sole spectators. Even the police are slighted.

Would it not be more in accordance with the modern spirit of efficiency to detail every year five or six hundred victims and have the killing arranged according to a fixed program? The gate receipts would be enormous. These could be placed in a fund in order to defend the various chauffeurs if necessary from criminal prosecution—this archaic method still being in force against these gentlemen.

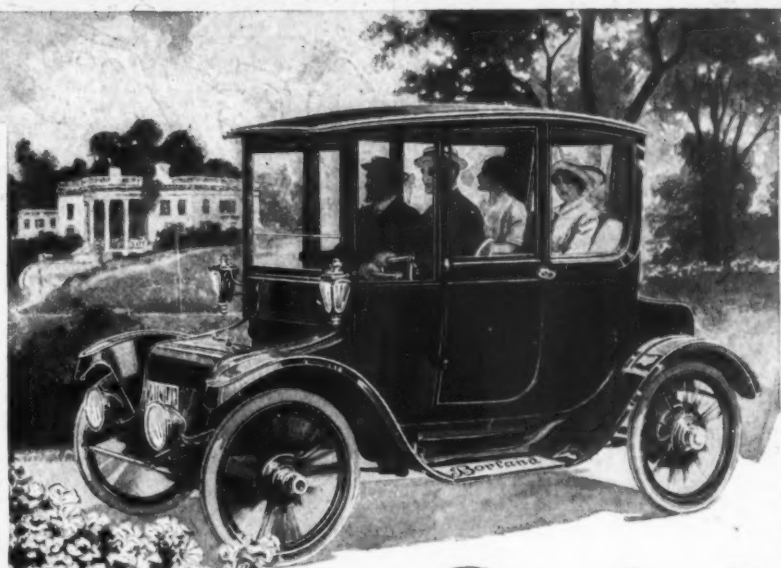
It must also be remembered that our popular amusements are very few in number. One can go to a football game almost any time without seeing anyone actually killed. The same thing is true of baseball and other sports.

It is possible that some hypercritical people may object to this on the ground that it would tend to place us on the same level with uncivilized nations who indulge in the fascination of bull fights. But this, it appears to us, is an old-fashioned way of viewing the matter.

Why would it not be a higher moral standpoint to come out into the open in our automobile killings as we practically do in other ways—such as child labor and white slaves?

How about a supply
of
Evans' Ale
For that Outing?

In Splits and regular size
Nearest Dealer or
C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.



The Borland
Electric

THE car that all the family can use—for business or pleasure. Just the thing for the trip to the office, the shopping excursion, the social call, the pleasure jaunt. Roomy and luxurious, with comfortable seats for five.

Elegance, durability and economy built right into it. Every part mounted and balanced as perfectly as a fine watch's mechanism, so that you get maximum mileage at minimum operating and maintenance cost. The all 'round car for appearance, convenience, safety and mileage.



Rear View of Coupe—note its harmonious lines

Extra large five-passenger body, front or rear drive. Horizontal control with six speeds forward and three reverse. Automatic cut-out disconnects power when emergency brake is applied. Standard equipment, "Exide" batteries. \$2900.

The business and professional man, and all those who prefer an open-body, two-passenger electric, will find the Borland Roadster just the type car they need. Speed and remarkable mileage capacity are combined with rakish lines and trim appearance. \$2550.

Send for the new Borland Poster Book illustrating and describing the Borland Electric Models

The Borland-Grannis Co.
312 East Huron Street
Chicago, Ill.

Why We Need More Battleships

"WHY do we need more battleships?" is a question thundered forth the other day by one of those agitative and increasingly ubiquitous anti-militarists.

What a question! He certainly ought to know by this time. We need more battleships because we already have so many battleships that unless we add to our collection of battleships we won't have enough battleships to make a comparatively respectable showing when it comes to looking at us as a nation that goes in for battleships. Now, if we were a nation, like Canada, which had no battleships at all, then, of course, we would not need any more battleships, because that would be impossible, inasmuch as we would have no nucleus of battleships to which to add the augmentary battleships. Anybody ought to know that. Assuredly we need more battleships.

A Threatened Danger

WHAT shall be said of the inhuman automobile manufacturer who has recently succeeded in concealing the button which sounds the automobile horn in such a way that it cannot be pressed by the small boy who hovers near? If this invention becomes universal, consider what an effect it is bound to have upon the character of this boy! And is not the American small boy the hope of the nation?

Time was when the activities of small boys went out in the direction of stealing apples and watermelons; but owing to the civilizing influence of the cities and for other reasons, this source of joy—this perfectly proper moral vent to every small boy's nature—has been largely cut off. What might have happened to him? How far in the scale of human progress this boy would naturally have deteriorated, we cannot say.

But just in the nick of time the automobile was invented, giving him a chance to sound the horn; and thus the spirit of invention—that notable fount of wickedness and daring in every boy's make-up—came to its expression, and he has been saved.

Automobiles stand everywhere, and if you—oh sober-minded and dignified adult—have never in passing one felt within your heart the sudden impulse to jump into it, and with fiendish exultation sound the horn, then look to yourself, for there is something morally the matter with you.

We sincerely hope, therefore, that this particular inventor will hold his invention so close that it may be confined only to one machine among the thousands in use.

Every boy is entitled not only to Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness, but also to sound the horn of any machine upon which he may happen to stray. This is one of his unalienable rights as an American citizen.

Velvet

THE
SMOOTHEST
TOBACCO



A great smoke for busy people!
The choicest of old Burley leaf
matured to a perfect mellowness.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

10¢ TINS
Handy 5¢ bags
One pound glass
humidor jars



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Six months leisurely travel *de Luxe*. Limited private tours leave Westbound Sept. 11; Eastbound Oct. 18, Nov. 8, 29; Southbound (the Antipodes) Oct. 28. **SPECIAL SHORT TOURS** Westbound Oct. 4; Eastbound Jan. 10, 1914. Send for illustrated program No. 8.

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THOS. COOK & SON

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Montreal, Toronto, San Francisco, Los Angeles

Advice to Travelers

WHEN a traveler returneth home, let him not leave the countries where he hath traveled altogether behind him, but maintain a correspondence by letters with those of his acquaintance which are of most worth; and let his travel appear rather in his discourse than in his apparel or gesture; and in his discourse let him be rather advised in his answers, than forward to tell stories; and let it appear that he doth not change his country manners for those of foreign parts; but only prick in some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country—Bacon, "Of Travel."

A man was fixing his automobile. "Trouble?" asked a bystander. "Some," was the laconic answer. "What power car is it?" "Forty-horse," came the answer. "What seems to be the matter with it?"

"Well, from the way she acts I should say that thirty-nine of the horses were dead."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.



Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tires

When you buy automobile tires you've got to put your faith in something. When you buy Kelly-Springfields you are putting your faith in a name that has stood for the longest wear since rubber was first applied to wheels—a name that marks the only tire of prominence strictly hand made.

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Branch offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Cleveland, Baltimore, Seattle, Atlanta, Akron, O., Buffalo.

The Hearn Tire & Rubber Co., Columbus, Ohio.
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Bering Tire and Rubber Co., Houston, Texas.
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Atkinson Tire & Supply Co., Jacksonville, Fla.
C. D. Franke & Co., Charleston, S. C.
K. & S. Auto Tire Co., Limited, Toronto, Can.

The Surgeon

SEE the surgeon.

He is engaged in the advancement of science, the ultimate good of the human race; also in the stock market and real estate.

The surgeon rises early in the morning, and, getting out his grindstone, spends an hour pleasantly in sharpening his knives and saws, and the other musical instruments of his trade. Then he puts on his football jacket and rubber gloves and takes his daily stroll through the alimentary canal.

The surgeon can be seen in hospitals surrounded by handsome trained nurses, who arrange the patient gracefully on the operating table while the surgeon smokes his pure Havana, sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust that, though the patient may not pull through, he himself will still be able to keep the wolf from the door.

Surgeons perform only those operations that are necessary to sustain life; for the surgeon realizes that he, as well as others, must live.

Surgeons also conduct clinics. A clinic is a place where a diseased person who needs the money is hired by the hour to furnish amusement to medical gentlemen who hope some day to become surgeons—if they can get enough people to practice upon while they wait. No clinic is complete without a surgeon who neatly and eloquently explains what ought to be done to anyone who needs to be operated upon, and who is still alive.

Surgeons are necessary to hospitals, drug stores and cemeteries.

PEDANTRY prides herself on being wrong by rules, while common-sense is contented to be right without them.—
C. C. Colton.

ARE YOU GOING TO MOVE?

If you are, or if you have done so recently, don't forget to notify LIFE of your changed address.

The Post-Office will not forward a periodical as it will a letter. Therefore each week's delay means a copy of LIFE lost. Don't wait until you have moved before you notify us. When ordering a change give the old as well as the new address.

Notice must reach us by Thursday to affect the following week's issue.

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Subscription Department
17 West Thirty-first Street
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The Outlet

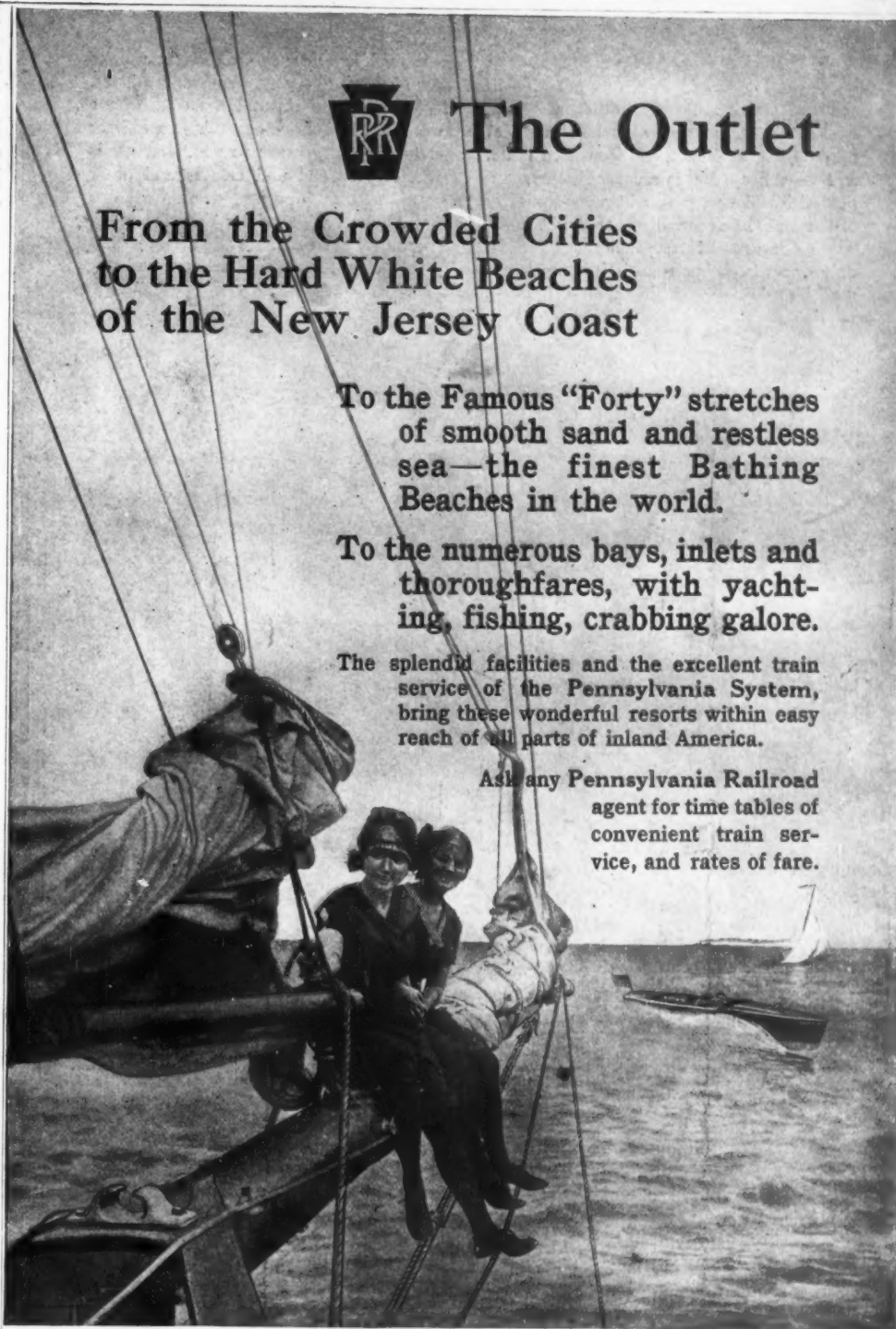
From the Crowded Cities
to the Hard White Beaches
of the New Jersey Coast

To the Famous "Forty" stretches
of smooth sand and restless
sea—the finest Bathing
Beaches in the world.

To the numerous bays, inlets and
thoroughfares, with yacht-
ing, fishing, crabbing galore.

The splendid facilities and the excellent train
service of the Pennsylvania System,
bring these wonderful resorts within easy
reach of all parts of inland America.

Ask any Pennsylvania Railroad
agent for time tables of
convenient train ser-
vice, and rates of fare.



AN AVIATION MEET

H. HARVEY

Wheels

WHEELS are in use by autos, wagons, locomotives, invalids' chairs, baby carriages and potters. Some people also have them. A government has many wheels, some of which are within other wheels; also legislatures and charitable societies have wheels. Sometimes a man who has wheels makes the world move around. Sometimes he doesn't. Wheels have been used quite generally for many years to wear out roads and thus keep the families of contractors in wholesome food and clothes and other necessities like yachts and brown-stone fronts.

It was, however, discovered not long ago that a wheel with rubber tires around it wears out a road faster than any other kind; so now they are used. A wheelbarrow has only one wheel, but such is its moral perversity that even this one wheel can lead any man into doing something wrong, if he keeps at it.



In the Vacation Number of VOGUE

All the fashionable events of early summer are presented in Vogue's Vacation Number, now ready for you.

As you read this number you will imagine yourself once more in the grandstand at Meadowbrook—in the center of the greatest, most fashionable audience ever seen in America.

Society will pass in review before you—at the polo, at the race meetings at Piping Rock and Belmont Park, and at all the other June gatherings of the smart world. Also you will see what Paris is wearing in the last gay weeks of the season—the gowns and hats and wraps worn at Longchamp and at the theatres.

Don't miss this wonderfully illustrated record of a remarkable June. Get the July 15th Vogue from your newsdealer to-day.

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Twice a month

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SENSITIVE skin needs the protection of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Tan, sunburn, redness and chapping are relieved by its use, and dry or sagging tissues are toned and strengthened.

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50 cents—\$1.00

Applied lightly night and morning it softens, whitens and beautifies the skin.

It is absorbed quickly by the skin which is never sticky, shiny or greasy after its use; requires no rubbing, therefore does not enlarge or exaggerate the pores of the skin.

Let us prove to you the value of Ingram's Toilet Specialties by a personal test; write us yours and your druggist's name and address, and receive free, our box of samples. Or enclose 10c and we will mail them direct. Address

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Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder
Powdered Perfection For The Complexion. Light and adhesive, yet without artificial effect, 4 shades. Price 50c at drug store or by mail postpaid. A handsome Vanity Box FREE, when you buy Velveola Souveraine.



Modern Machinery

BUT we depend upon machinery not only for the things that we want, but for the brains with which we decide what we want. If a man wants to know what he thinks, he starts a club; and if he wants to be very sure, he calls a convention. From the National Undertakers' Association and the Launderers' League to the Christian Endeavor Tournament and the World's Congress—the Midway Plaisance of Piety—the Convention strides the world with vociferousness. The silence that descends from the hills is filled with its ceaseless din. The smallest hamlet in the land has learned to listen reverent from afar to the vast insistent roar of it, as the Voice of the Spirit of the Times.

—CROWDS—By Gerald Stanley Lee.

"WIMMEN certainly ain't got no consistency."

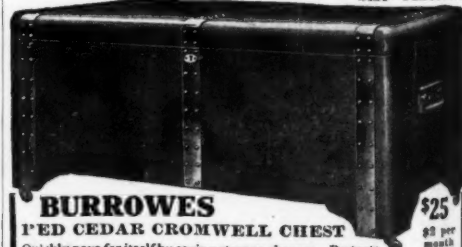
"What's the matter, Mike?"

"Me wife chased me out wid a rolling-pin this morning, and then cried because I left home without kissing her good-by."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

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MOTH-PROOF CEDAR CHEST

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Books Received

- Calling the Tune*, by Justin Huntley McCarthy. (Hodder & Stoughton Co.)
- By the Drown Bog*, by Owen Roe and Honor Urse. (Longmans & Co. \$1.35.)
- The Ambassador*, by Wm. Wriothsley. (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.25.)
- Harlette*, by Marion Polk Angellotti. (The Century Co. 75c.)
- The Temple of the Living Christ*. (50c.)
- Believest Thou This?* (\$1.00.)
- Toya the Unlike*, by Eleanor Mercein Kelly. (Small, Maynard Co. \$1.00.)
- Marxism versus Socialism*, by Vladimir G. Simkhovitch. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.)
- The Southerner*, by Thomas Dixon. (D. Appleton & Co. \$1.35.)
- Between Eras from Capitalism to Democracy*, by Albion W. Small. (Intercollegiate Press, Kansas City, Mo.)
- My Adventures with Your Money*, by George Graham Rice. (Richard G. Badger. \$1.50.)
- The Adventures of Dr. Whitty*, by G. A. Birmingham. (Hodder & Stoughton Co. \$1.20.)
- Reminiscences, Sermons and Correspondence, 1884-1913*, by Augusta E. Stetson. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
- El Dorado*, by Baroness Orczy. (Hodder & Stoughton Co. \$1.35.)

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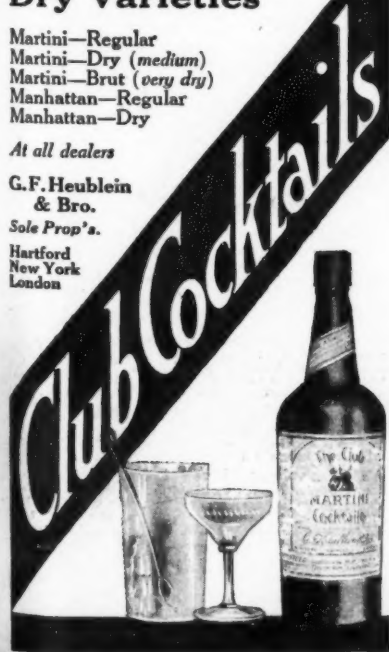
Martini—Regular
Martini—Dry (medium)
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Sole Prop's.

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Coral Builders and the Bell System

In the depths of tropical seas the coral polyps are at work. They are nourished by the ocean, and they grow and multiply because they cannot help it.

Finally a coral island emerges from the ocean. It collects sand and seeds, until it becomes a fit home for birds, beasts and men.

In the same way the telephone system has grown, gradually at first, but steadily and irresistibly. It could not stop growing. To stop would mean disaster.

The Bell System, starting with a few scattered exchanges, was carried forward by an increasing public demand.

Each new connection disclosed a need for other new connections, and millions of dollars had to be poured into the business to provide the 7,500,000 telephones now connected.

And the end is not yet, for the growth of the Bell System is still irresistible, because the needs of the people will not be satisfied except by universal communication. The system is large because the country is large.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

Would You Like to Be Liquidated?

L IQUIDATION is rife. He who runs may read that many, many things are being liquidated these days. Liquidation is here and there, in the air, everywhere. Yet it has come to our painful notice that a great many estimable people have been overlooked; people who have lived upright, abstemious and mammon-fearing lives, but who, through some unfortunate concatenation of circumstances and no fault of their own, have been forced to sit idly by while the liquidation process marches gaily past them. To all such be it hereby announced that arrangements have been made to liquidate all comers, with special facilities for bachelors, husbands, fathers, suffragettes, cubists, politicians, suburbanites, hypocrites, demagogues, snivellers, impractical radicals, impossible conservatives, and hair-splitters. Apply without hesitation, stating the exact amount of liquidation desired.

Who's Really Who in Letters

THE Century Dictionary of Names has recently been enriched with a Supplement which makes the work as a whole our most authoritative and up-to-date roster of great reputations, from Geo. Ade to Zoroaster. It is, of course, with American literary celebrities that we are chiefly concerned—above all, with our talented contemporaries; and we are glad to see that some of those who were omitted from the original volume are now correctly ticketed for posterity. The list of eligibles has evidently been made up with the most scrupulous care. Its editors had a difficult and delicate task, and they have discharged it with discernment.

Who is famous, and who is not? Every little while we see announcements of "the great American novel," by a new hand. Every month or so some amiable reviewer discovers a poet of promise. As a matter of fact, how many real novelists have we? How many singers does a searching census reveal? According to the Dictionary of Names, our living American poets are sixteen in number: Bridges, Carleton, Carman, Cheney, De Kay, Egan, Guiney, Johnson, Markham, Proctor, Riley, Roberts, Scollard, Sherman, Santayana, Winter.

Sixteen thousand men and women writing verse, and only sixteen entitled to the rank of poet. There is, you will see, plenty of room, as usual, at the top.



After a day in the open, a little

Carstairs Rye

and a brisk shower prove an effective stimulant for wearied bodies.

After a tiresome day in the office, as an "appetizer," for medicinal or social purposes—on every occasion when none but the best of whiskeys will do—ask for Carstairs.

A mellow blend of selected ryes, perfectly aged in wood. Pure and full flavored.

Served in the best homes, cafes and clubs.

Numbered label shows our bottling.

Established 1788



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The ordinary trunk guarantee covers only defects in material or workmanship.

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Regardless of what happens or how far you travel, your Indestructo must make good.

The only reason that competition does not put the same sweeping insurance on their product is because they know that their trunks are not built to stand the same racking travel use that is provided for in the Indestructo.

Indestructo Trunks are made in Steamer, 3-4, Dress and Wardrobe styles, \$15 to \$75.

Write today for illustrated booklet.

National Veneer Products Co.,
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Our novelists, one might suppose, would be far too numerous to mention here. Not so. There are barely forty of them who have found admission to the Dictionary, and some of these have ceased to write. The list embraces: Allen, Atherton, Bacheller, Arlo Bates, William Henry Bishop, Alice Brown, Cable, Chambers, Churchill, Mrs. Davis, R. H. Davis, Deland, Fox, French, Garland, Glasgow, Grant, Anna K. Greene, A. S. Hardy, Julian Hawthorne, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Howells, Howe, James, Johnston, Chas. King, London, Mitchell, Murfree, Page, Rice, Rivers, Seawell, Smith, Tarkington, Mrs. E. S. P. Ward, Wharton, S. E. White, W. A. White, Wiggin, Wilkins, Wister.

Of essayists, pure and simple, the showing is pitiful in number: Miss Guiney, Miss Repplier, Prof. Santayana.

The bars are let down for five literary critics: Robert Bridges (now an editor), W. C. Brownell, H. W. Mabie, Brander Matthews, Bliss Perry.

We have one dramatic critic, William Winter, and four critics of music—Hale, Henderson, Huneker and Krehbiel.

A search for humorists yields Ade, Bangs and Dunne.

Distinction in journalism has come to few—to Bennett and Pulitzer as editors; to Bigelow, Bonsal, Creelman and Stephens as journalists. Ray Stannard Baker gets in as a magazine writer.

Of literary men and women other than novelists we note: Henry M. Alden, S. G. W. Benjamin, Cyrus T. Brady (who has written "many volumes of fiction and biography"), Helen G. Cone, Nathan Haskell Dole, Maurice F. Egan, Warren Lee Goss, Mrs. Howe, Prof. James (a recent entry), Helen Keller, Prof. Lounsbury, Chas. F. Lummis, Jacob Riis, T. Roosevelt, Ida Tarbell, Henry Van Dyke, Thompson Seton, Cy

Warman, Barrett Wendell, Mabel Osgood Wright and Geo. Edward Woodberry.

Taken all in all, a highly respectable company. It may be that some of our readers will be inclined to expunge certain names in the list, and to add others of their own selection. That is always a privilege of the critical temperament.

W. T. Larned.

"CAN you imagine," asked Sir Ernest Shackleton, "the enormous extent of those vast snow-fields?"

"Yes," replied the Irish member, "I had the same sensation the first time I appeared in public wearing a dress-shirt."—London Opinion.

A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary, every-day sources.

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear wholesome way in one volume

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

All in one volume. Illustrated, \$2, postpaid.
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.
Puritan Pub. Co. 776 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.



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NO FLIES. NO LITTER. NO ODORS.
Opens with the foot; closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, MFR., 46 Farrar St., Lynn, Mass.

Keeping the Editor on the Jump

Z. M. Butters, editor of the *Whiting Journal*, writes: "If anything should appear in the columns of the *Journal* this week that our readers are disposed to take exception to, you will notice that no one is responsible for it, as my Unitype setter packed her suitcase and hied away to the health resort, and while she is away I am the whole thing about the works—janitor, editor, typo, pressman, and play the devil as little as I have to, to get along. Up home I am housekeeper, cook, dishwasher (when I have to), gardener, yes, and I have a ground mole up there that I ought to catch. We don't mind the work and don't care so much for the cash, although it is very necessary to have some of it handy. We like to see everybody look pleasant and we will try to be as pleasant as we can under the circumstances. We have an invitation to attend the editorial association at Hiawatha Saturday. The dues are \$1; I have the dollar, but if I go up there maybe I wouldn't have the dollar when I got back home, so I'll not go, but spend the dollar next week to help stock the home larder, for it will sure need it after this week."—*Kansas City Star*.

THE mass of mankind will never have any ardent zeal for seeing things as they are; very inadequate ideas will always satisfy them. On these inadequate ideas repose, and must repose, the general practice of the world. That is as much as saying that whoever sets himself to see things as they are will find himself one of a very small circle; but it is only by this small circle resolutely doing its own work that adequate ideas will ever get current at all.

—Matthew Arnold.



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Geography for Beginners

NEW ENGLAND: New England is an arid mental region surrounding Boston and is peopled by infant industries and old maids. New England was discovered by Cotton Mather and John L. Sullivan, who founded a mill on one of its numerous banks. Since then other mills have sprung up and have been made famous by the I. W. W. and other philanthropic societies. New England raises Southern Mill Owners, Religions and Slaves. At one time it was inhabited by wild Indians, who having been taught how to drink whiskey and shoot straight, and not having been restrained by the moral character of the white men, rapidly grew less, until to-day they are used only for cigar signs and spiritualistic mediums.

New England also raised Villages, from which at one time there was quite an export business in great men. This industry, however, coming into competition with Shoe Factories, Woolen Mills, and others, is not quite what it used to be.

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